



FROM "PUNCH"

"SOCIETY"

PICTURES

DRAWN BY

GEO. DU MAURIER

Anno 1778.

PHILLIPS ACADEMY



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

LIBRARY

Per ampliora ad altiora.

GIFT OF
William S. Wadsworth
Class of 1887

AGW

SOCIETY PICTURES

BY

GEORGE DU MAURIER

SELECTED FROM "PUNCH"

PART TWO.

LONDON:

BRADBURY, AGNEW & CO. LMD., 8, 9, 10, BOUVERIE STREET,
"PUNCH" OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET, E.C.

L.

741.5
D892S
v.2



1876.

AWKWARD INCIDENT IN FASHIONABLE LIFE.

THE BEAUTEOUS MRS. VAYASOUR BEISIZE AND HER LOVELY SISTERS STOP THE WAY IN DIRE CONSTERNATION. THEY HAD UNDERSTOOD THAT THE RECEPTION AT BRABAZON HALL WOULD TAKE PLACE IN THE PALATIAL SUITE OF ROOMS ON THE GROUND-FLOOR, AND MRS. V. B. HAS COME IN A SKIRT OF SUCH FASHIONABLE TIGHTNESS THAT TO MOUNT A SINGLE STEP IS AN IMPOSSIBILITY; WHEREAS THE GROUND-FLOOR SUITE IS UNDERGOING ALTERATIONS, AND MRS. BRABAZON DE VERE TOMKYNES IS ENTERTAINING HER GUESTS UP-STAIRS.



1878.

"VAPID VEGETABLE LOVES."—"The Talking Oak."

(SCENE—Tea-Room at Fancy Ball.)

Uncle John (who is chaperoning his Niece). "WHAT ARE YOU, MY DEAR?"

Pretty Niece. "OH! I AM A SALAD, UNCLE JOHN! SEE, THERE'S ENDIVE, AND LETTUCE, AND SPRING ONIONS, AND RADISHES, AND BEETROOT. NOTHING WANTING IS THERE?"

Uncle John. "H'M!—AH!—PERHAPS A LITTLE MORE DRESSING, MY DEAR!"



1886

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

"AND NOW, MY DEAR GENERAL, COME AND SIT BY ME, AND TELL ME ALL THE SCANDAL THAT'S HAPPENED WHILE I'VE BEEN AWAY?"

"WELL, REALLY, MRS. MALLECHO, ER—YOU SEE—ER—THE FACT IS, THAT WHILE YOU'VE BEEN AWAY, THERE HAS BEEN NO SCANDAL!"



AT HER OLD TRICKS AGAIN.

1886.

AT HER OLD TRICKS AGAIN.

Lady Snobbington (née Shoddy). "OH, BY THE WAY, MR. LÖWE, DO YOU EVER DINE OUT WITHOUT YOUR WIFE? I'VE A NICE LITTLE BOHEMIAN DINNER-PARTY ON SUNDAY—NICE CLEVER PEOPLE YOU WILL LIKE. COME AND DINE, AND BRING YOUR BANJO, IF MRS. LÖWE WILL SPARE YOU, JUST FOR ONCE!"

Mr. Löwe (the Eminent Banjoist). "ACH! YOU ARE FERRY GOOT, LADY SCHNOFFINGTON! IF IT IS FERRY POHEMIAN INTEET, AND DE LATIES ARE GOING TO SCHMOKE, AND DE CHENDLEMEN ARE GOING TO TINE IN DEIR SCHIRT-SCHLEEFES, I TO NOT MIND PRINGING MY PANCHO, AND LEAFING MY VIFE AT HOME, CHOOST FOR VUNCE!"

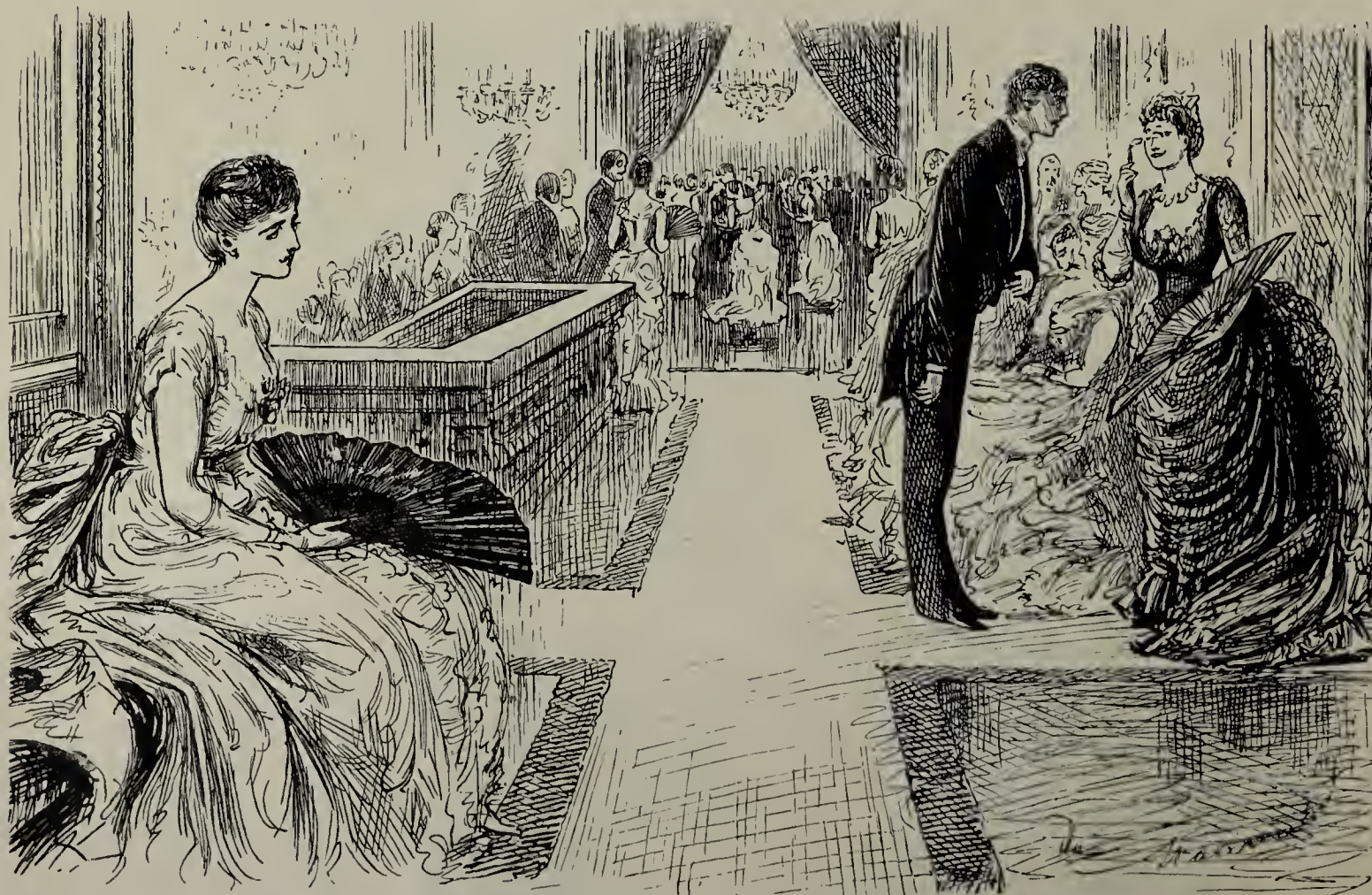


BLASÉ I

1886.

Hostess. "YOU ARE NOT DANCING, MR. LESTRANGE. LET ME FIND YOU A PARTNER!"

Splendid Masher. "A—THANKS, NO. I—A—NEVAH DANCE,—EXCEPT AT CHILDREN'S PARTIES!"



MODERN SOCIAL PROBLEMS.

1886.

Susceptible Youth. "WOULD YOU PRESENT ME TO THAT YOUNG LADY WITH THE BLACK FAN?"

Hostess. "WITH PLEASURE, IF YOU WILL TELL ME HER NAME—AND YOURS!"



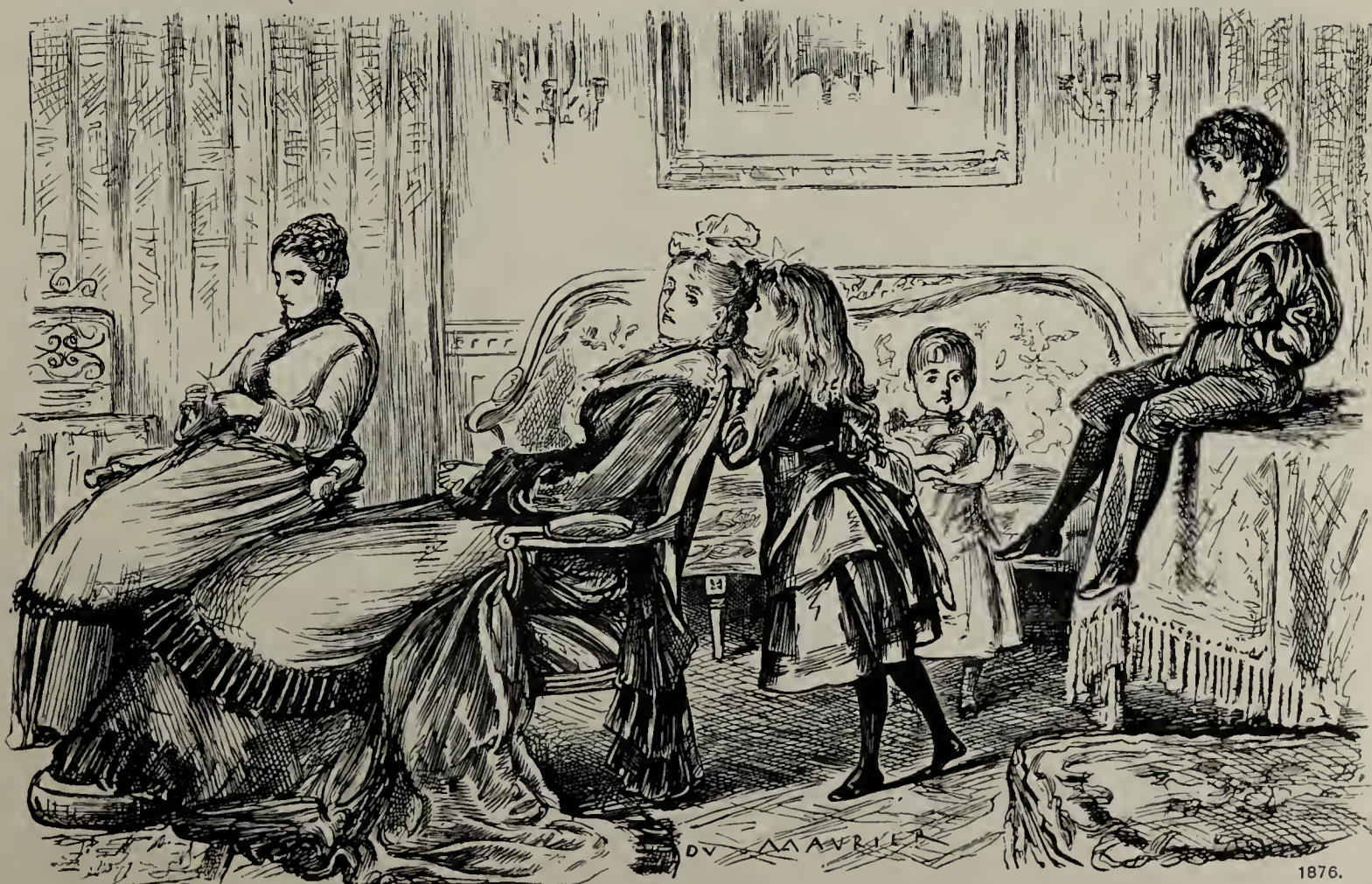
A PICTURE PUZZLE.

1875.

Tenor Warbler (with passionate emphasis on the first Words of each Line)—

“ME-E-E-E-T ME ONCE AGAIN,
ME-E-E-E-T ME ONCE AGA-A-AIN——”

[Why does the Cat suddenly jump up off the Hearth-rug, rush to the Door, and make frantic endeavours to get out?]



A BELGRAVIAN MOTHER.

1876.

Ethelinda. “MOTHER! ISN'T IT WICKED TO SAY ‘YOU BE BLOWED,’ AS ALGY DOES?”

Mother. “IT'S WORSE THAN WICKED, MY DEAR—IT'S VULGAR!”



A LAMENT.

1884.

Dowager. "IT'S BEEN THE WORST SEASON I CAN REMEMBER, SIR JAMES! ALL THE MEN SEEM TO HAVE GOT MARRIED, AND NONE OF THE GIRLS!"



A CONSCIOUS MARTYR.

1881.

"WHY ARE YOU SO CROSS, ANGELA?"—"OH! BECAUSE I HATE SELFISHNESS, AUNT! AND THEY'RE ALL OF THEM SO SELFISH!"
 "WHAT HAVE THEY DONE?"—"WHY, THEY ALL WANT TO GO ON THE RIVER, JUST WHEN I WANT TO PLAY LAWN-TENNIS!"
 "WELL, YOU NEEDN'T GO WITH THEM!"—"OF COURSE I NEEDN'T; BUT HOW AM I TO PLAY LAWN-TENNIS ALL BY MYSELF!"



MUSIC AT HOME.

1885.

Mrs. Gushington (who is always to the fore). "OH! THANK YOU SO MUCH, FRÄULEIN, FOR YOUR QUITE TOO DELIGHTFUL SINGING!—SUCH EXQUISITE ENUNCIATION, YOU KNOW!!—SO RARE!!! I SHOULD SO LIKE TO HEAR YOU SING A SONG IN ENGLISH!"

Fräulein Nachtigall. "ACH, LIEBER GOTT! VY, MY LAST SREE ZONGS ZAT I HAF CHOOST PREEN ZINGING, ZEY WERE IN ENGLISH!"



DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS.—THE JEUNE PREMIER.

1885.

"WHAT, ELEANOR? YOU KNOW SIR LIONEL WILDRAKE, THE HANDSOMEST, WITTIEST, MOST DANGEROUS MAN IN TOWN! HE OF WHOM IT IS SAID THAT NO WOMAN HAS EVER BEEN KNOWN TO RESIST HIM YET!"

"THE SAME, LILIAN! BUT HUSH! HE COMES——"

[Enter Colonel Sir Lionel Wildrake.]



SOCIAL AGONIES.

(Disadvantage of resembling
a Celebrity.)

She. "OH, HOW DO YOU DO, DEAR MR. LYON? HAVE YOU FORGIVEN ME FOR CUTTING YOU AT MRS. LEO HUNTER'S LAST NIGHT? I WAS ACTUALLY STUPID ENOUGH TO TAKE YOU FOR THAT HORRID BORE, MR. TETTERBY THOMPSON, WHOM YOU'RE SAID TO BE SO LIKE. IT'S A HORRID LIBEL—YOU'RE NOT LIKE HIM A BIT."

He. "A—A—I WASN'T AT MRS. LEO HUNTER'S LAST NIGHT—A—A—A—AND MY NAME IS TETTERBY THOMPSON!"

SOCIAL AGONIES.

1387.



APPRECIATIVE SYMPATHY.

1880.

Herr Bogoluboffski plays a lovely Nocturne, which he has just composed. To him, as he softly touches the final note, Fair Amateur, "OH THANKS! I AM SO FOND OF THAT DEAR OLD TUNE!"



THE NEW CRAZE.

1883.

Her Grace (to the Heiress, with pardonable pride). "YOU MUST LET ME PRESENT MY SON, LORD ALGERNON, TO YOU, MISS GOLD-MORE. HE CARRIES THE BANNER IN THE SECOND ACT OF THE KING AND THE COCKCHAFER, AT THE PARTHENON, YOU KNOW!"

[Defeat of the Army, the Church, the Bar, Diplomacy, Literature, Science, and Art—even young Gorgius Midas will have to hide his diminished head!]



THE NEW CRAZE.

(SCENE—The Green-Room of the Parthenon, before rehearsal.)

Hard-working Baronet. "HERE'S THE DUKE, CONFOUND HIM! ONLY BEEN SIX MONTHS ON THE STAGE, AND GETTING TWENTY GUINEAS A WEEK!"

Conscientious Viscount. "YES! AND US ONLY GETTING SIX AFTER TEN YEARS OF IT. I HATE THESE BEASTLY DUKES, COMING AND SPOILING THE PROFESSION!"

Ambitious Earl. "UGH! I HATE ALL AMATEURS, HANG 'EM, TAKING THE BREAD OUT OF ONE'S MOUTH!"

THE NEW CRAZE.

1883.



MRS. BOREHAM AT HOME.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

Sir Pompey Bedell.
 "ALLOW ME TO CONGRATULATE YOU, MRS. BOREHAM, ON A MOST SUCCESSFUL ENTERTAINMENT! I HAVE NEVER SET FOOT INSIDE A THEATRE MYSELF, I AM PROUD TO SAY, NOR ATTENDED EVEN PRIVATE THEATRICALS BEFORE—SUCH THINGS ARE NOT IN MY LINE! BUT I CAN HONESTLY ASSURE YOU THAT I HAVE RARELY SEEN HISTRIONIC ABILITY MORE CONSUMMATE, OR A DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE MORE EXCEPTIONALLY COMPLETE IN EVERY RESPECT, THAN THAT WHICH IT HAS BEEN OUR TRULY ENVIABLE PRIVILEGE TO WITNESS THIS EVENING!"

1886.

MRS. BOREHAM AT HOME.—AMATEUR THEATRICALS.



PARADOXICAL.

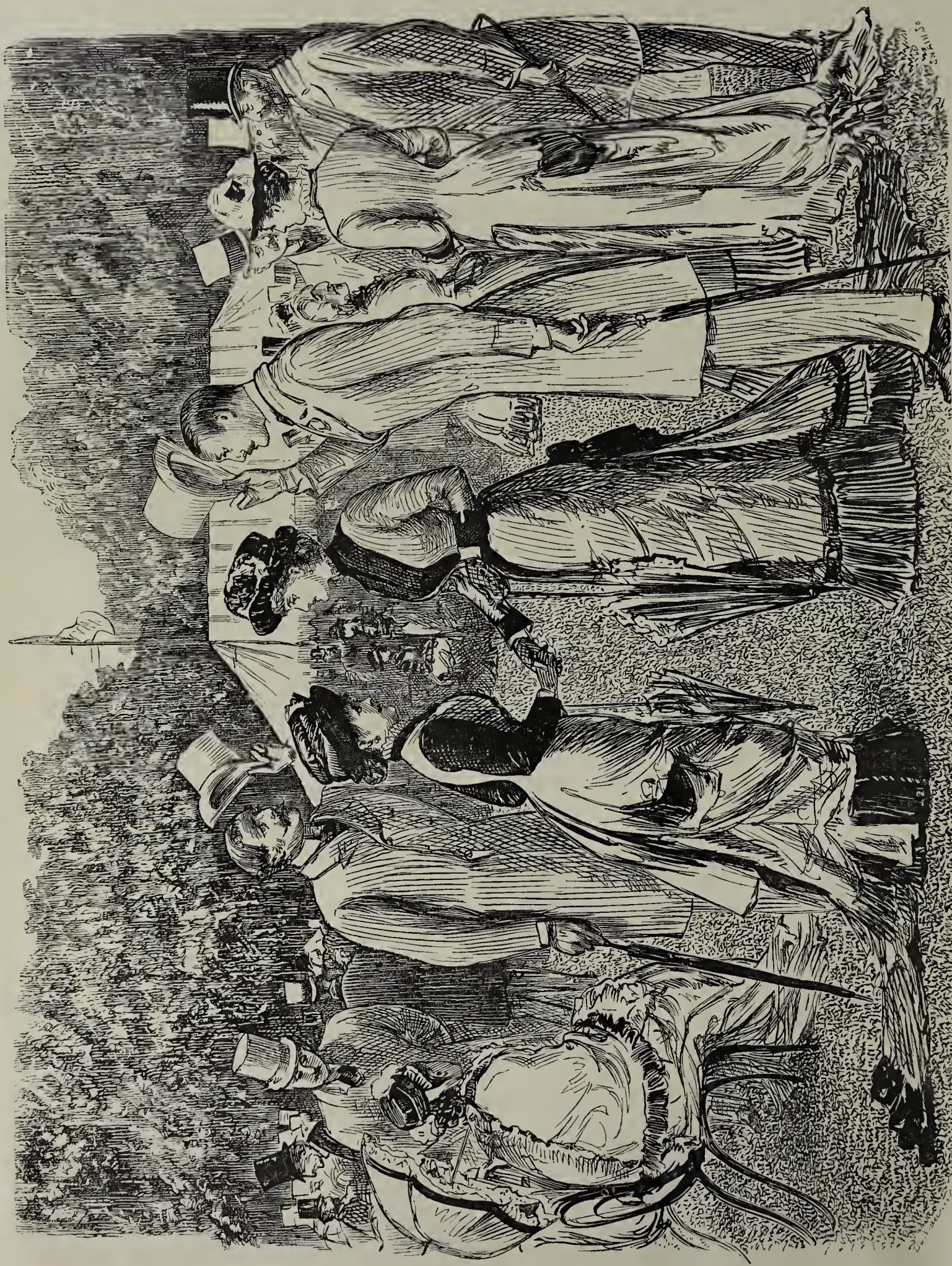
1879.

Ethel. "IT WAS A MOST WONDERFUL PERFORMANCE, AUNT TABITHA! FIRST, SHE WAS SHOT OUT OF A CANNON'S MOUTH ON TO A TRAPÈZE FIFTEEN YARDS ABOVE THE ORCHESTRA, AND THEN SHE SWUNG HERSELF UP TILL SHE STOOD ON A ROPE ON ONE LEG AT LEAST A HUNDRED AND TWENTY FEET ABOVE OUR HEADS!"

Aunt Tabitha. "AH! I ALWAYS THINK A WOMAN LOWERS HERSELF WHEN SHE DOES THAT!"



A SKETCH IN ULSTERMARINE.



1878.

A SWEET DELUSION.

Little Lady Fatima Plumpington (to the stately Mrs. Longlay, whom she fancies she resembles like a twin). "How do you do, Darling? I declare we are more like each other than ever, with these hats." AND IN LOOKING AT YOU I FEEL AS IF I WERE LOOKING AT MYSELF IN THE GLASS. I SUPPOSE YOU FEEL THE SAME YOURSELF, DEAR?"



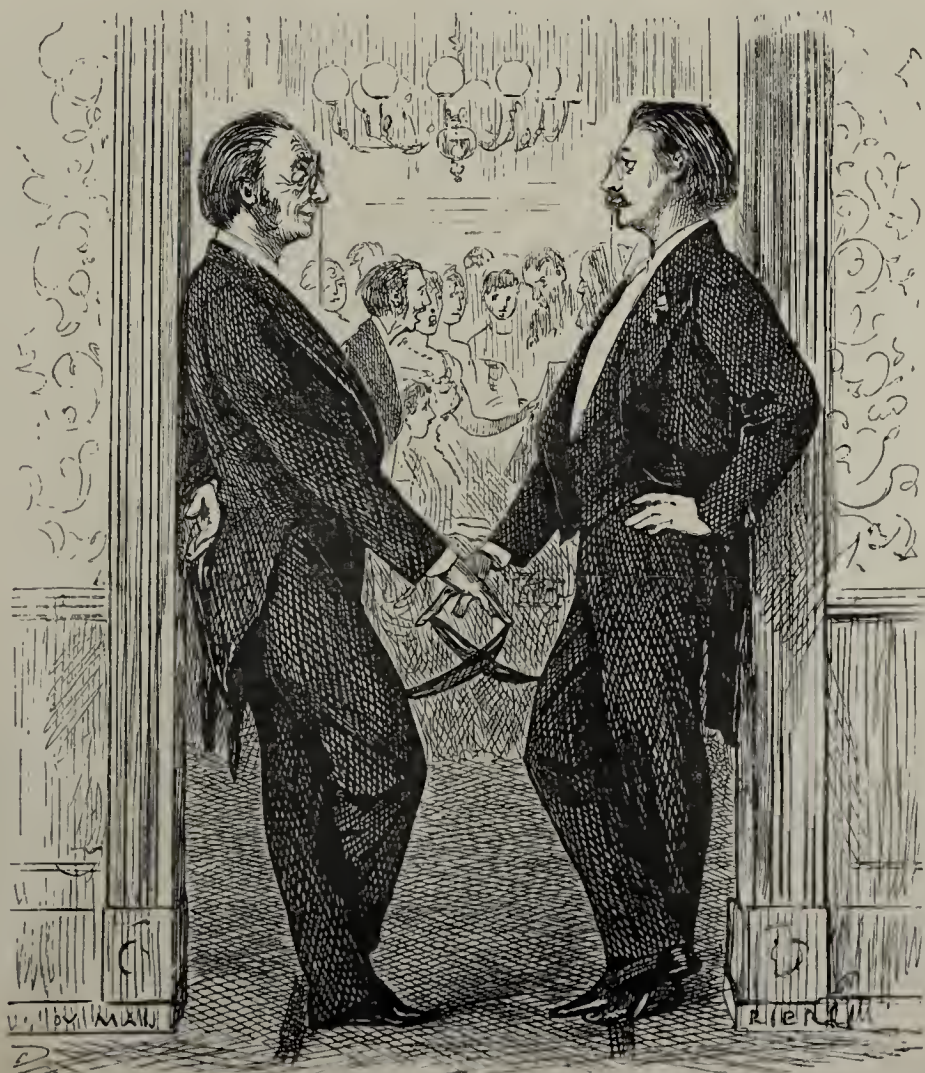
FRENCH FOOD FOR ENGLISH BABES—AND MOTHERS.

1880.

Grigsby (during entr'acte). "WHAT! YOU HERE, MISS JONES!"

Miss Jones. "YES; I GOT MAMMA TO BRING ME. SHE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND FRENCH, YOU KNOW! AIN'T IT FUN!"

[*Grigsby flutters himself that he sees the fun of a Palais Royal play as well as anyone on this side of the Channel, but he DOES draw the line SOMEWHERE; and does NOT see the fun of a respectable Materfamilias being present at such an entertainment,—and with her Daughter, too! a thing that is not even done in the country of Zola!*



DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS.

THE PIANIST.

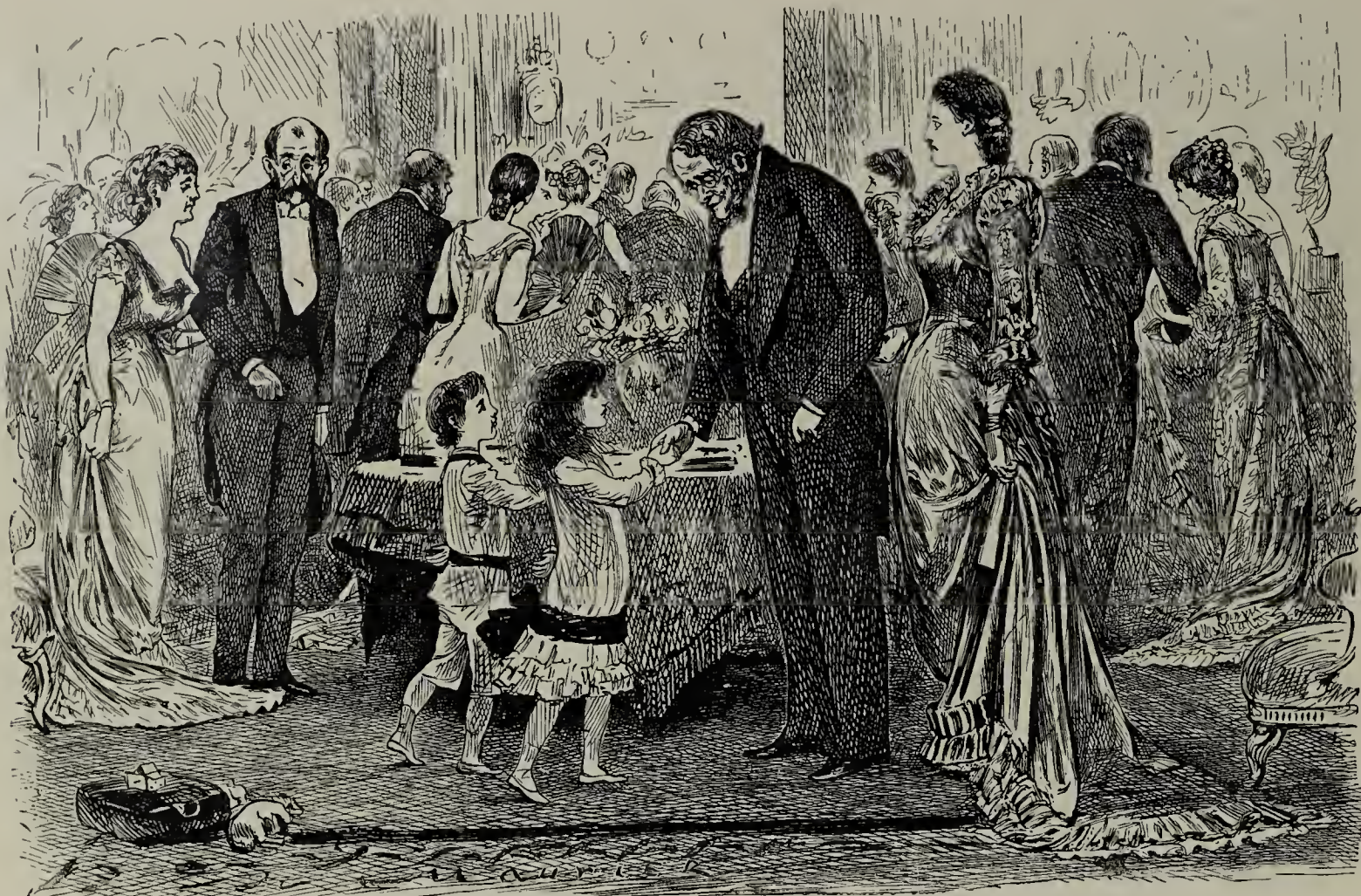
Grigsby. "I TRUST YOU WILL FAVOUR US THIS EVENING, MR. BELMAINS?"

Mr. Belmains. "WELL—ER—NO—HARDLY! THEY DON'T CARE FOR SERIOUS PIANOFORTE - PLAYING IN THIS HOUSE, YOU KNOW. I HOPE YOU WILL GIVE US 'HE'S GOT 'EM ON,' MR. GRIGSBY."

Mr. Grigsby. "WELL—I—ER—THINK NOT—SCARCELY! YOU SEE, IN THIS HOUSE THEY DON'T APPRECIATE SERIOUS COMIC SINGING!"

DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS.—THE PIANIST.

1881.



1881.

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

*(Dinner has just been announced.)**Hester and Billy (sadly). "GOOD NIGHT, SIR. WE'VE GOT TO GO TO BED."**Distinguished Professor (who is taking down the Hostess). "AH, MY DEARS, THAT'S WHERE WE'RE ALL WISHING WE WERE!"*

1882.

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

*Proud Mamma. "DON'T YOU THINK DEAR BABY'S THE IMAGE OF HIS PAPA?"**Dull but Well-meaning Family Friend. "WELL, PERHAPS HE IS—BUT I DARE SAY HE'LL OUTGROW IT IN TIME."*



1885.

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Mrs. Parker. "BY THE WAY, SIR BINKS, WE'VE JUST SEEN YOUR FRIEND, MRS. POPHAM, AND HER TWO PRETTY DAUGHTERS!"

Young Sir Binks. "HAVE YOU REALLY? I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR THEM EVERYWHERE. SUCH A CROWD, YOU KNOW! ONE'S ALWAYS MEETING THE WRONG PEOPLE!"



1885.

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

"HOW DO YOU DO, MAJOR MORTIMER? YOU DON'T REMEMBER ME!"—"OH YES, INDEED I DO!—MRS. KENNEDY!"

"AH, THAT'S ONLY BECAUSE YOU SEE ME WITH MR. KENNEDY!"—"OH NO, NOT AT ALL!"



"LE MONDE OÙ
L'ON S'AMUSE."

She. "BY THE BYE,
I MET YOUR BROTHER
AT DINNER LAST
NIGHT. SUCH A DE-
LIGHTFUL PARTY!
SUCH A DINNER!!
SUCH FLOWERS!!!"

He. "INDEED!
WHERE WAS IT?"

She. "AT THE—A
—THE—A—UPON MY
WORD, I REALLY FOR-
GET WHOSE HOUSE IT
WAS I WAS DINING
AT!"

"LE MONDE OÙ L'ON S'AMUSE."

1887.



"WHO'D HAVE THOUGHT IT?"

"I'M MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, AS YOU SEE, DR. SQUILLS! AND
WHO ARE YOU?" "I'M HORACE WALPOLE!"

1885.



A REMINDER.

1886.

"WELL, GOOD-BYE, OLD MAN. WE'VE HAD A HIGH OLD TIME IN
DEAR OLD PARIS, HAVEN'T WE! TO ME IT ALL SEEMS LIKE A DREAM!"
"SO IT WOULD TO ME, OLD MAN IF YOU DIDN'T OWE ME THIRTEEN
FRANCS!"



1886.

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

"YOU REMEMBER THAT PARTY AT MADAM GELASMA'S, TO HEAR JOACHIM, RUBINSTEIN, AND THE HENSCHELS, AND DE SORIA—QUITE A SMALL PARTY?"

"No; I WASN'T THERE!" "No? AH—WELL—IT WAS VERY SELECT!"



1886.

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

"ACH! CRACIOUS LATY, I HOPE ZAT MY LONG CHERMAN LECTURE ON ZE BOETICAL ASPECTS OF ZE BLIOCENE PERIOD DID NOT BORE YOU FERY MUCH ZIS AFTERNOON?"

"OH, NOT AT ALL, PROFESSOR WOHLGEMUTH. I DON'T UNDERSTAND GERMAN, YOU KNOW."



1885.

KEEPING ON THE SAFE SIDE.

KEEPING ON THE
SAFE SIDE.

"AND SO IT'S A SORE THROAT YE'VE GOT, MADAM? AND HAVE YE EVER HAD ONE BEFORE?"

"OH YES, OFTEN!"

"AND WHAT DID YE DO FOR IT, NOW?"

"OH, SOMETIMES ONE THING, AND SOMETIMES ANOTHER."

"AND DID YE GET RID OF IT THAT WAY?"

"OH YES!"

"THEN I'D JUST ADVISE YE TO DO WHAT YE'VE ALWAYS DONE, AND MAYBE YE'LL GET RID OF IT AGAIN!"



1870.

WHAT NEXT INDEED!

Grateful Recipient. "BLESS YOU, MY LADY! MAY WE MEET IN HEAVEN!"

Haughty Donor. "GOOD GRACIOUS!! DRIVE ON, JARVIS!!!"

[She had evidently read Dr. Johnson, who "didn't want to meet certain people ANYWHERE."



1872.

CEREMONY.

"WELL, GOOD-BYE, DEAR MRS. JONES. I HOPE YOU WILL EXCUSE MY NOT HAVING CALLED--THE DISTANCE, YOU KNOW! PERHAPS YOU WILL KINDLY TAKE THIS AS A VISIT?"

"O, CERTAINLY! AND PERHAPS YOU WILL KINDLY TAKE THIS AS A VISIT RETURNED?" !!



VETO.

1876.

"SHALL WE—A—SIT DOWN?"

"I SHOULD LIKE TO; BUT MY DRESSMAKER SAYS I MUSTN'T!"



AGGRAVATING FLIPPANCY.

1870.

Enthusiastic Amateur. "OH! HANG IT, CELIA! NOT READY YET! AND I'VE GOT TO PLAY IN THE FIRST QUARTET . . . DO LOOK SHARP!"

Celia. "NOW DON'T FIDGET, MY DEAR! THERE'S LOTS OF TIME! AND IF WE ARE A LITTLE LATE, YOU CAN PLAY A LITTLE FASTER, YOU KNOW . . ."



MODEST ASSURANCE.

1873.

MODEST
ASSURANCE.

Lady of the House. "WELL, MILLICENT, HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR NEW HORSE, 'ROLAND'?"

Millicent. "O, IMMENSELY! BUT HE WANTS A FIRM HAND, YOU KNOW. HE'D VERY SOON RUN AWAY WITH ME, IF I GAVE HIM A CHANCE; WOULDN'T HE, ROBERT?"

Robert (first Cousin to Millicent). "RUN AWAY WITH YOU, IF YOU GAVE HIM A CHANCE? BY GEORGE, IF I CAN JUDGE OF 'ROLAND'S' FEELINGS BY MY OWN, I SHOULD JUST THINK HE WOULD!"



A FLATTERING REQUEST!

1871.

Lady of the House. "O, SIGNOR BÉMOLSKI, I AM SO GLAD YOU'VE COME!—WE'RE ALL SO DREADFULLY DULL! NOW DO SIT DOWN AND PLAY US THAT LOVELY SONATA OF YOURS. THEY'LL NEVER BEGIN TO TALK TILL THEY HEAR THE PIANO GOING!"



1887.

HAPPY THOUGHT !



1880.

PLEASURE AND BUSINESS.

Lady. "A PRETTY SIGHT, ISN'T IT, DOCTOR? I DON'T SEE ANY OF YOUR LITTLE ONES HERE! I HOPE YOU DON'T DISAPPROVE OF JUVENILE PARTIES?"
Dr. Littlehums (*famous for his Diagnosis of Infantile Disease*). "I, MY DEAR MADAM! ON THE CONTRARY—I LIVE BY THEM!"



CONSEQUENCES OF THE TOWER OF BABEL.

1879.

(SCENE—A Table d'hôte Abroad.)

He. "PARLEZ-VOUS FRANÇAIS, MADemoisELLE?" She. "No, Sir."—He. "SPRECHEN SIE DEUTSCH, FRÄULEIN?" She. "No!"
 He. "HABLA USTED ESPAÑOL, SEÑORITA?" She. "No."—He. "PARLATE ITALIANO, SIGNORINA?" She. "No!" (Sighs.)
 (Pause.)
 She. "Do you speak English, Sir?" He. "HÉLAS! NON, MADemoisELLE!" (Sighs deeply.)



A FACT.—(FREE TRANSLATION.)

1877.

A FACT.—(FREE TRANSLATION.)

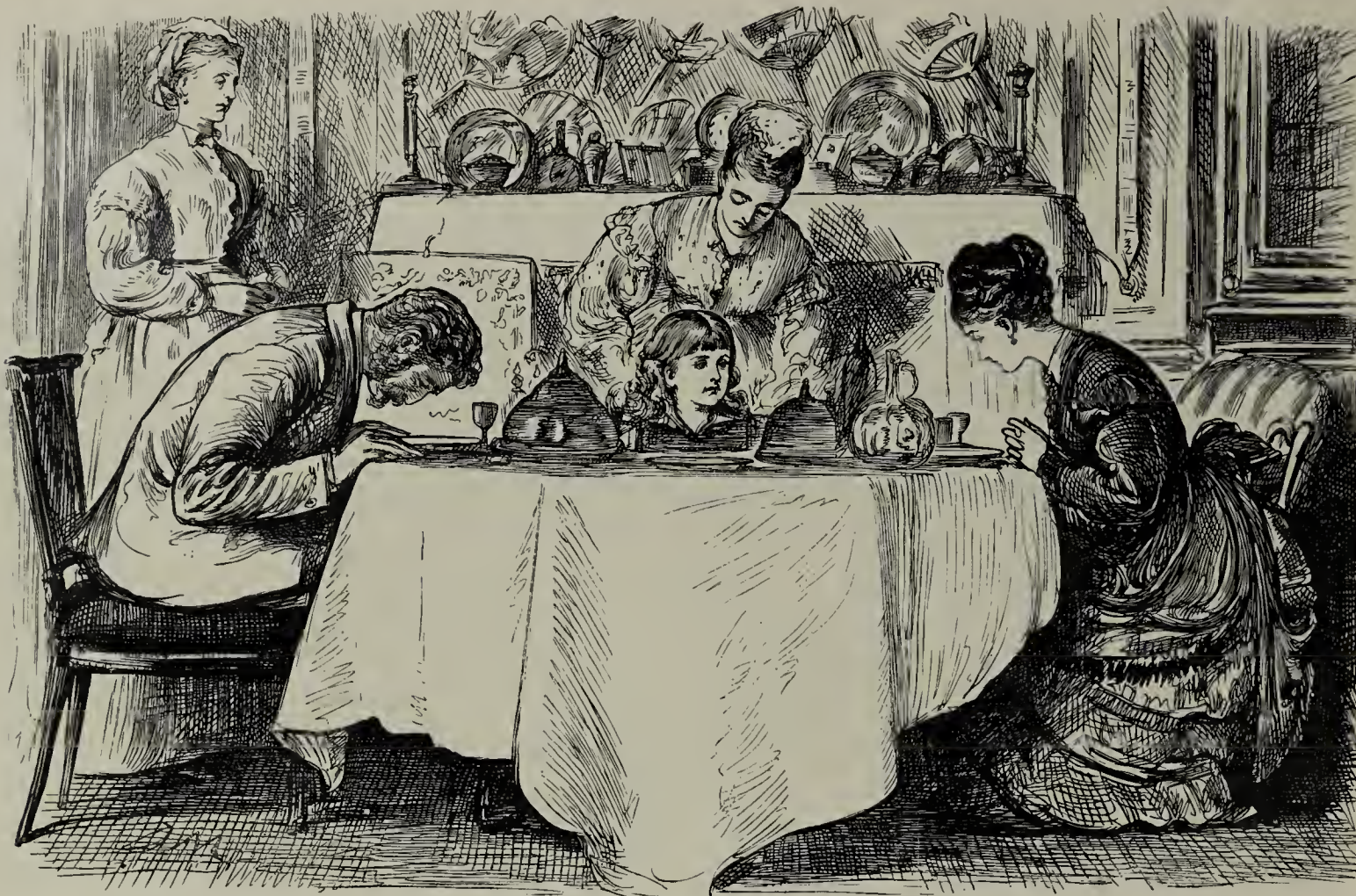
Custom-House Officer.
 "HAS YOUR DOG BEEN VERIFIED?"

Brown. "WHAT DO YOU MEAN?"

Custom-House Officer.
 "HAS HE BEEN PASSED BY THE VERIFICATOR, LIKE THE REST OF YOUR 'BAGAGES'?"

Brown. "My Dog's NOT A 'BAGAGE'!"

Custom-House Officer.
 "HE IS VERY LARGE FOR A DOG! HOW WOULD YOU THAT WE SHOULD KNOW IF HE DOES NOT CONTAIN OBJECTS OF CONTRABAND, PAR- BLEU!"



A GRACELESS CHILD.

1872.

Uncle George. "‘FOR ALL THAT WE’RE GOING TO RECEIVE,’" &c.

Tiny Tim. "NOW, READ YOUR PLATE, AUNT MARY, AND SEE WHAT THAT SAYS!"



NO ACCOUNTING FOR TASTES.

1878.

Mamma. "NOT KISS PROFESSOR JACKSON, LUCY? WHY NOT?"

Lucy. "HE'S GOT SUCH A STUBBLY BEARD, MAMMA, AND IT PRICKS SO! NOW, 'I DON'T MIND CAPTAIN THOMPSON'S MOUS-TACHE! DO YOU?"



A WHISPERED APPEAL.

1875.

"MAMMA! MAMMA! DON'T SCOLD HIM ANY MORE! IT MAKES THE ROOM SO DARK!"



AN EARLY QUIBBLE.

1872.

George. "THERE, AUNT MARY! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT? I DREW THE HORSE, AND ETHEL DREW THE JOCKEY!"
 Aunt Mary. "H'M! BUT WHAT WOULD MAMMA SAY TO YOUR DRAWING JOCKEYS ON A SUNDAY?"
 George. "AH! BUT LOOK HERE! WE'VE DRAWN HIM RIDING TO CHURCH, YOU KNOW!"



1881.

"DON'T ALL SPEAK AT ONCE!"

Mature Siren (archly putting up her "ickle tootsicum"). "AH! NOW WHICH OF YOU IS GOING TO PUT ON MY SKATES FOR ME?"
[Momentary hesitation amongst the Gentlemen—due, no doubt, to bashfulness.]



A PAIR OF ANTI-VIVISECTIONISTS.

1881.

A PAIR OF ANTI-VIVISECTIONISTS.

Sir Slangsby Jaunter. "SEE THAT OLD FELLOW, MISS DIANA? THAT'S DOCTOR KATCHETT, WHO SWEARS HE'S GOING TO FIND A CURE FOR LUNATICS! JUST GOT INTO TROUBLE. BEEN TRYING THE EFFECTS OF EXTREME TERROR AND BODILY FATIGUE ON A RABBIT, AND WITHOUT CHLOROFORM, TOO, THE OLD 'RUFFIAN! AND THEN HE KILLED IT, AND DISSECTED ITS BRAIN. GOING TO BE HAD UP BEFORE THE BEAK FOR IT! BOW STREET, YOU KNOW!"

Miss Diana. "SERVE HIM RIGHT, HORRID MAN! DON'T WANT TO KNOW ABOUT SUCH PEOPLE. BUT TALKING OF RABBITS, WHAT A SPLENDID RUN THAT SECOND HARE GAVE US TO-DAY! THIRTY MINUTES' GALLOP WITHOUT A CHECK!—WASN'T IT LOVELY!!—AND I WAS IN AT THE DEATH!!!"



CELEBRITIES AT HOME.

1885.

(The new Bishop-elect of Barnesbury tries on his new Raiment in the bosom of his Family.)

Youngest Daughter of the House. "WELL, I MUTHT THAY, PAPA, YOU DO LOOK THUPWEMELY WIDICULUTH!"



CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

1882.

Mrs. Mundy (wife of the Dean of St. Boniface's College, Oxbridge). "AND SO YOU USED TO BE AT ST. BONIFACE'S, DEAR LORD FULLACRES! HOW VERY ODD THAT I DON'T REMEMBER YOU AT ALL!"

Noble Earl (who succeeded his Cousin). "AH, WELL, YOU SEE—I WAS ONLY MR. DOBBS IN THOSE DAYS—NOT EVEN HONOURABLE!"



1875.

THE WORST OF A SOCIAL FIB.

"O, HENRY, THIS IS *TOO* AWFUL! HERE COME THE WELLINGTON SLOWBORES, WHO'VE INVITED US TO DINE WITH THEM QUITE QUIETLY, AT FIVE O'CLOCK, SOME DAY NEXT WEEK, AND I'VE JUST POSTED A LETTER TO THEM TO DECLINE THE INVITATION, AND I'VE SUDDENLY FORGOTTEN WHAT EXCUSE I MADE!"



1872.

THE NEW CURATE.

Orthodox Elderly Spinster. "WHAT A HEAVENLY SERMON, MARIA! THERE, IF YOU'D HAVE ONLY SHUT YOUR EYES, I DECLARE YOU MIGHT HAVE THOUGHT IT WAS A BISHOP!!!"



BREAKING AN AWKWARD SILENCE.

1880.

Mrs. Montague Smart (suddenly, to bashful Youth, who has not opened his lips since he was introduced to her a quarter of an hour ago). "AND NOW LET US TALK OF SOMETHING ELSE!"

AT A SMOKING
CONCERT.

Herr Professor (to young Warbleton Peacocke, who has just sung Beethoven's "Adelaide").
"ACH! VAT A PEAUDIVUL ZONG ZAT IS! I HAF HERRT IT ZUNG PY CARTONI. I HAF HERRT IT ZUNG PY ZIMS REEFS. ZEY ZUNG IT FERRY VELL! PUT I HAF NEFFER KVITE KNOWN HOW PEAUDIVUL IT VAS TILL I HAF HERRT IT ZUNG PY YOU! (Young W. P. blushes.) VY, MY YOUNG VRENT, EFEN YOU GAN-NOT MAKE IT RITICULOUS!"

1881.

AT A SMOKING CONCERT.



TRUE TACT.

1873.

Mrs. Silvertongue (who has been chatting most agreeably to Mr. Wilkes for the last two hours). "O, DON'T TALK TO ME OF UGLY MEN, MR. WILKES! I MAKE A POINT OF NEVER EVEN SPEAKING TO ONE!"

[Mr. Wilkes, who is rather sick of being told by Women that they on the whole OBJECT to good looks in the male sex, appreciates the remark immensely.]



A DOOMED MAN!

1872.

Frail and Delicate Individual (with much Pathos). "AH, MISS BROWN! I SHALL NEVER MARRY!" Miss Brown. "WHY?"

Frail and Delicate Individual. "BECAUSE I'M CONSUMPTIVE!—QUITE CONVINCED OF IT! ONLY DON'T TELL MY POOR MOTHER!—IT WOULD BREAK HER HEART!"



THE COMING RACE.

1872.

THE COMING RACE.

Dr. Evangeline. "BY THE BYE, MR. SAWYER, ARE YOU ENGAGED TO-MORROW AFTER-NOON? I HAVE RATHER A TICKLISH OPERATION TO PERFORM—AN AMPUTATION, YOU KNOW."

Mr. Sawyer. "I SHALL BE VERY HAPPY TO DO IT FOR YOU."

Doctor Evangeline. "O, NO, NOT THAT! BUT WILL YOU KINDLY COME AND ADMINISTER THE CHLOROFORM FOR ME?"



"HONESTY IS THE
BEST POLICY."

*Host (really in agony
about his polished inlaid
floor). "HADN'T YOU
BETTER COME ON THE
CARPET, OLD FELLOW?
I'M SO AFRAID YOU
MIGHT SLIP, YOU KNOW."*

*Guest. "O, IT'S ALL
RIGHT, OLD FELLOW—
THANKS! THERE'S A
NAIL AT THE END, YOU
KNOW!"*

"HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY."

1873.



HAPPY THOUGHT—DIVISION OF LABOUR.

1872.

"A—LOOK HERE, MISS BONAMY! S'POSE YOU LOOK AT THE PICTURES, WHILE I CONFINE MY ATTENTION TO THE CATALOGUE! GET THROUGH THE JOB IN HALF THE TIME, YOU KNOW!"



1872.

"HOW SHOULD I MY TRUE LOVE KNOW?"

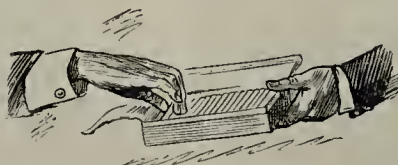
"ER—WHAT COLOUR DID YOU SAY YOUR CARRIAGE WHEELS WERE?"
"GREEN, PICKED OUT WITH RED!"
"ER—THANKS! I SHALL LOOK OUT FOR 'EM IN THE PARK!"

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF THE FESTIVE SEASON.



1883.

BEREAVEMENT.



CONSOLATION.

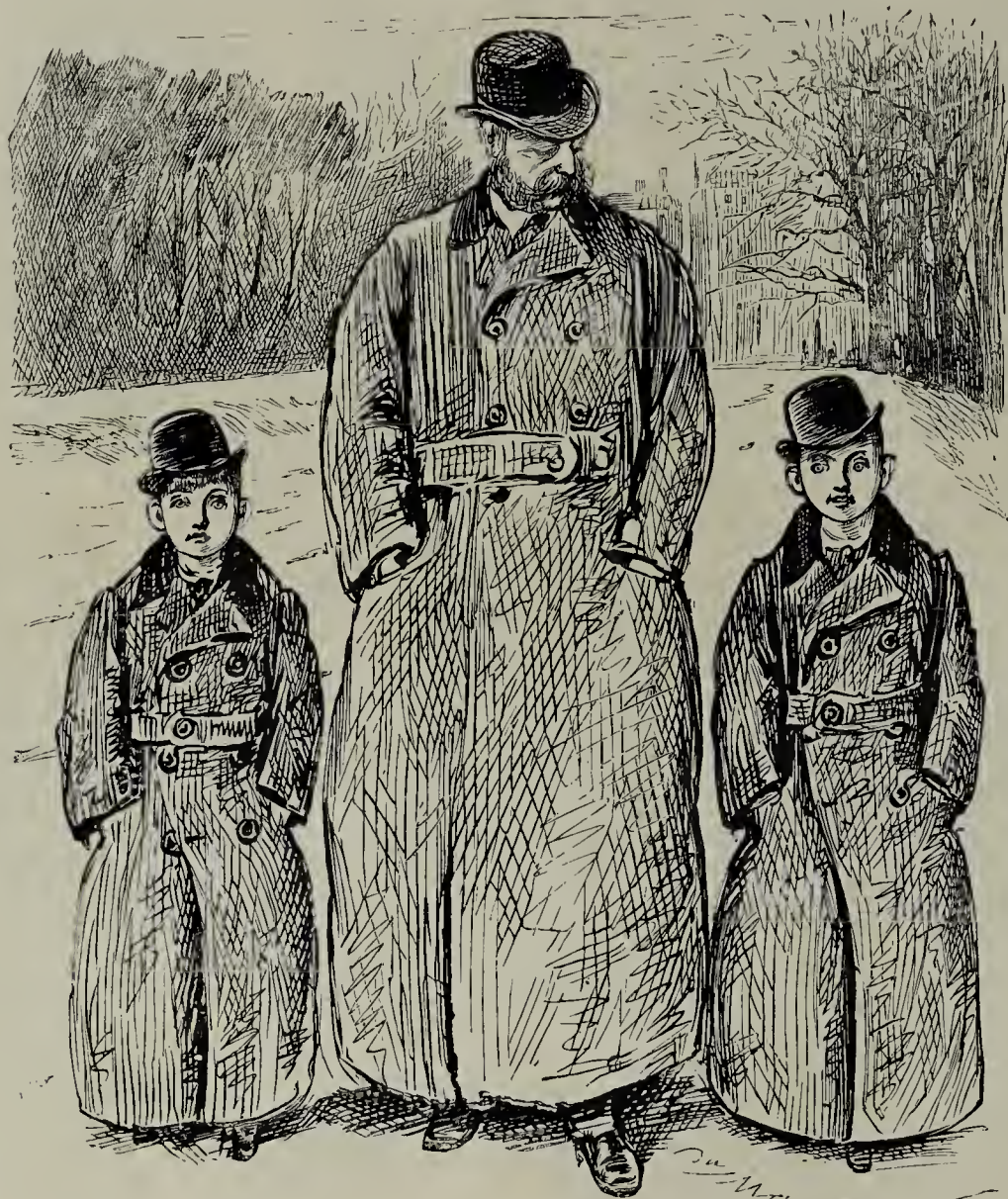


1879.

KILLING TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE.

Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns (*sotto voce* to her husband). "PONSONBY!"—"YES, MY LOVE." "WHO IS THAT, SINGING SO DIVINELY?"—"SIGNOR JENKINI, MY LOVE, THE FAMOUS NEW TENOR." "SIGNOR JENKINI, IS IT? THEN GET YOURSELF INTRODUCED TO SIGNOR JENKINI AS SOON AS HE'S DONE HIS SONG, AND SECURE HIM FOR MONDAY FORTNIGHT."—"BUT, MY LOVE, SIGNOR JENKINI CHARGES FORTY GUINEAS!" "TELL SIGNOR JENKINI THAT IT'S TO MEET THE DUCHESS OF STILTON, AND HE WON'T CHARGE ANYTHING AT ALL!"—"BUT, MY LOVE, THE DUCHESS OF STILTON WILL NEVER COME TO SEE THE LIKES OF US!" "SHE'LL COME FAST ENOUGH TO HEAR SIGNOR JENKINI! DO AS I TELL YOU!"

[Ponsonby did as she told him, and everything happened as she had anticipated. The Duchess came, and a good many more smart people besides; and the Signor sang for nothing, but to the immortal honour and glory of the House of Tomkyns. Clever Mrs. P. T. !]



1878.

IMPROVING THE SHINING HOUR.

Paterfamilias. "IT WAS ON THAT OCCASION THAT CÆSAR SENT THE FAMOUS DESPATCH: 'VENI, VIDI, VICI'!"

Ingenuous Boy. "AH, THAT WOULD GO FOR SIXPENCE!"



HAPPY THOUGHT!

1886.

Sir Pompey Bedell (poking the fire in his new Smoking-room). "THIS WRETCHED CHIMNEY HAS GOT INTO A MOST OBJECTIONABLE WAY OF SMOKING! A—I CAN'T CURE IT."

Bedell Junior. "JUST GIVE IT A COUPLE OF YOUR CIGARS, GOVERNOR!—IT'LL NEVER SMOKE AGAIN!"



A VALUABLE ACQUISITION.

1872.

A VALUABLE ACQUISITION.

Dutiful Nephew. "O, UNCLE, I THOUGHT YOU WOULDN'T MIND MY BRINGING MY FRIEND, GRIGO, FROM OUR OFFICE. HE AIN'T MUCH TO LOOK AT, AND HE CAN'T DANCE, AND HE DON'T TALK, AND HE WON'T PLAY CARDS— BUT HE'S SUCH A MIMIC!! TO-MORROW HE'LL IMITATE YOU AND AUNT BETSY IN A WAY THAT'LL MAKE ALL THE FELLOWS ROAR!!!"



1887.

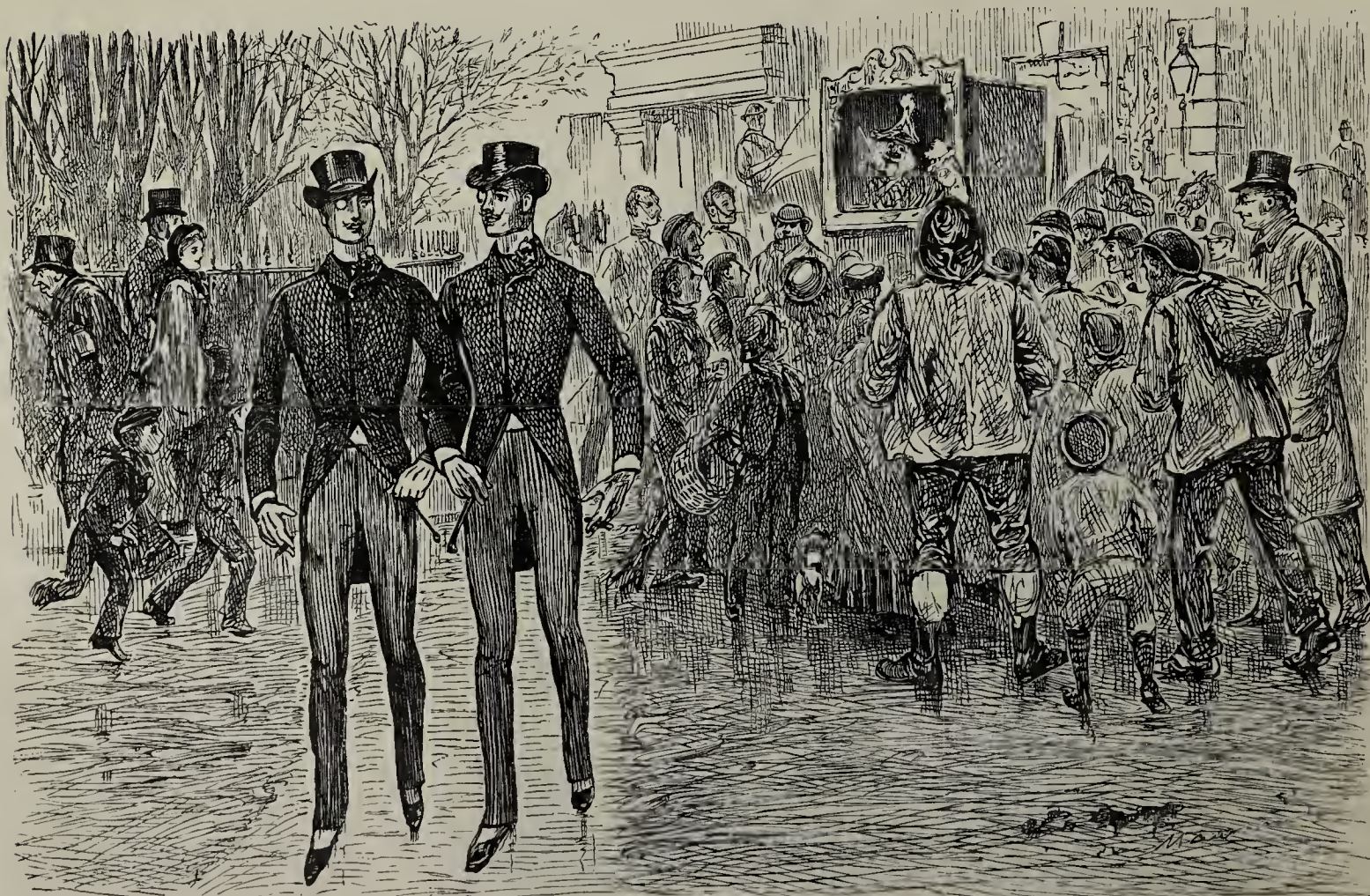
FELINE AMENITIES.—TWO CASES OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

Mrs. de Vere Jones (rushing up to Mrs. Stanley Brown, whom she hates). "OH, HOW DO YOU DO, DEAR LADY WRYMOUTH?"

[Lady Wrymouth is said to be the plainest Woman in the whole British Peerage!]

Mrs. Stanley Brown. "VERY WELL, THANKS, DEAR MRS. CORMORAN. HOW ARE YOU?"

[Mrs. Cormoran is said to be the plainest Woman in the whole British Empire!]



FORM.

1883.

First Masher. "LET'S STOP AND LOOK AT PUNCH AND JUDY, OLD CHAPPIE! I'VE HEARD IT'S AS GOOD AS A PLAY!"

Second Masher. "I DESSAY IT IS, MY BRAVE BOY. BUT WE AIN'T DRESSED, YOU KNOW!"



OVERDOING IT.

1883.

"WHAT? GOING ALREADY? AND IN MACKINTOSHES? SURELY YOU ARE NOT GOING TO WALK!"

"OH, DEAR NO! LORD ARCHIBALD IS GOING TO TAKE US TO A DEAR LITTLE SLUM HE'S FOUND OUT NEAR THE MINORIES—SUCH A FEARFUL PLACE! FOURTEEN POOR THINGS SLEEPING IN ONE BED, AND NO WINDOW!—AND THE MACKINTOSHES ARE TO KEEP OUT INFECTION, YOU KNOW, AND HIDE ONE'S DIAMONDS, AND ALL THAT!"



REFLECTED GLORY.

1883.

Shopman. "HERE! HI! ARE YOU HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BAYSWATER?"

Magnificent Flunkey. "I HAM!"



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

1883.

Enter Mr. Chesterfield Grandison Potts. "HOW D'YE DO, MY DEAR MRS. PETTIFER? I'VE COME TO CONGRATULATE YOU ON YOUR PERFORMANCE OF THE *LADY OF LYONS*, AT MRS. TOMKYN'S. IT WAS SIMPLY PERFECT!"

Distinguished Lady Amateur. "OH, FAR FROM PERFECT, I FEAR! TO BE PERFECT, ALAS! THE PART OF *PAULINE* REQUIRES THAT ONE SHOULD BE YOUNG AND LOVELY, YOU KNOW!"

Mr. C. G. Potts (who piques himself on his old-fashioned courtesy). "MY DEAR LADY, YOU ARE A LIVING PROOF TO THE CONTRARY!"

THINGS ONE WOULD
RATHER HAVE LEFT
UNSAID.

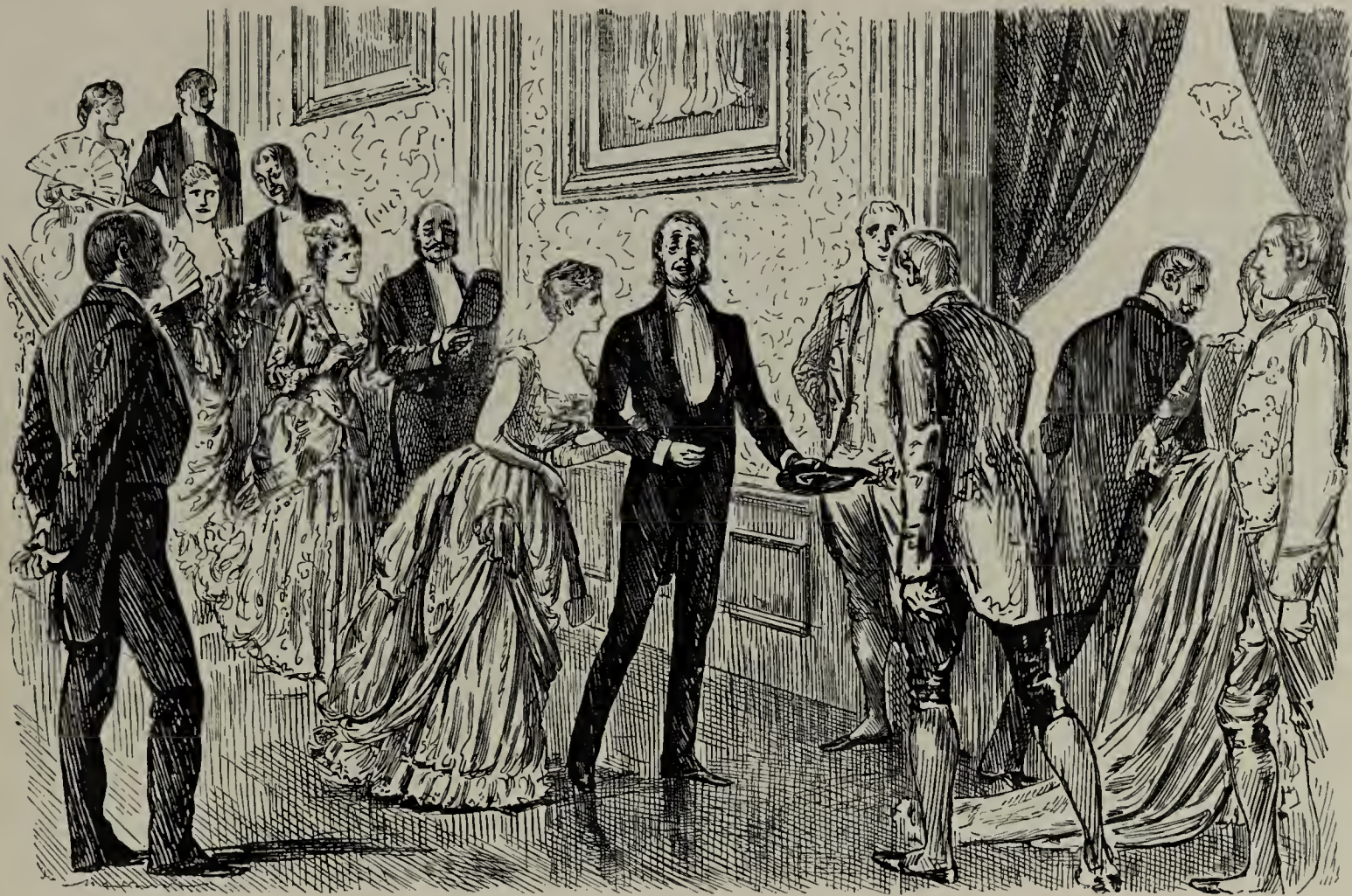
Herr Professor. "HIM-
MEL! VAT A VONDER-
FOLL DREE!"

Lady Godiva. "YES;
ISN'T IT. I LOVE IT
BETTER THAN ANY TREE
IN THE PLACE. IT'S
FULL OF SWEET AND
TENDER ASSOCIATIONS
FOR ME!"

Herr Professor. "ACH!
ZÖH! YOUR LATYSHIP
HAS BEKHAFT BLANTED
IT YOURZELLEFF!
YES?"

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

1887.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

1885.

He. "YES, I KNOW BOOTLE SLIGHTLY, AND CONFESS I DON'T THINK MUCH OF HIM!"

She. "I KNOW HIM A LITTLE TOO. HE TOOK ME IN TO DINNER A LITTLE WHILE AGO!"

He. "AH, THAT'S JUST ABOUT ALL HE'S FIT FOR!"



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

1885.

He. "AH! I'M AFRAID I'M NOT WHAT I USED TO BE! I'VE CHANGED A GOOD DEAL, YOU KNOW, IN THE LAST FEW YEARS!"

She. "OH, BUT ANY CHANGE IN YOU MUST BE FOR THE BETTER!"



FAINT PRAISE.

1881.

Æsthetic Lady. "IS NOT THAT MRS. BRABAZON, WHOSE PHOTOGRAPH IS IN ALL THE SHOP WINDOWS?"

The Professor. "IT IS. SHE IS HANDSOME, IS SHE NOT?"

Æsthetic Lady. "WELL, YAAS—BUT—A—ESSENTIALLY A WOMAN OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY!"



ART IN EXCELSIS.

1874.

THE MONTGOMERY SPIFFINSES HAVE JUST HAD THEIR DRAWING-ROOM CEILING ELABORATELY DECORATED BY ARTISTIC HANDS. THEY ARE MUCH GRATIFIED BY THE SENSATION PRODUCED UPON THEIR FRIENDS.



MUSIC AT HOME.

1872.

Mrs. Lyons Chacer. "HOW CRUEL OF YOU TO GET UP SO SUDDENLY, DEAR MR. RUMBELTUMSKI! IS ANYTHING WRONG WITH THE PIANO?"
 Herr Rumbeltumski (with pardonable severity). "NO, MATAM, BUT I VOS AVRAID DAT I INDERRUBTED DE GENERAL GONFERZATION!"
 Mrs. Lyons Chacer. "O DEAR NO! NOT AT ALL!! PRAY GO ON!!!"



MISUNDERSTOOD.

1875.

Hopkins (on saltatory thoughts intent). "PRAY, MISS JULIA, ARE YOU ENGAGED?"
 Miss Julia. "'ENGAGED!' MR. HOPKINS? O, DEAR, NO! I AM GOING BACK TO SCHOOL NEXT WEEK!"



DIFFERENT VIEWS OF HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

1873.

DIFFERENT VIEWS
OF HAMPSTEAD
HEATH.

Edwin (to his Angelina).
"WITH YOU BY MY SIDE,
MY VERY OWN, WITH
YOU, I COULD WANDER
AMONG THESE HEAVEN-
LY HILLS AND DALES
FOR EVER!"

Angelina (to her Edwin).
"AND SO COULD I WITH
YOU, MY VERIEST OWN!!
FOR EVER, AND EVER,
AND EVER!!!"

*Angelina's Sister (to
herself).* "O DEAR ME!
WHAT A TROTTERING UP
AND DOWN IT ALL IS, TO
BE SURE!"



TWO VANITIES.

1873.

TWO VANITIES.

*(Amateur Vocalist and
his Wife, alone together
after an Evening
Party.)*

"DID I LOOK NICE
TO-NIGHT, LOVE?"

"O, NO END. H'M!
WAS I IN GOOD VOICE?"

"FIRST-RATE, LOVE!
TELL ME, DO YOU PREFER
ME WITH A RIBBON IN
MY HAIR, OR FLOWERS?"

"O, EITHER! LOOK
HERE. WHICH STYLE
SUITS ME BEST, DO YOU
THINK?—THE FERVID
PASSION OF SANTLEY,
OR THE THRILLING TEN-
DERNESS OF DE SORIA?"

"O, BOTH! DON'T
YOU THINK A YELLOW
RIBBON WITH BLACK
LACE," &c., &c., &c.



1879.

THANKS WHERE THANKS ARE DUE.

(Mrs. Ponsonby Tomkyns at Home.)

Mr. Ponsonby Tomkyns. "HOW KIND OF MADEMOISELLE SERRURIER TO COME TO US, MY LOVE, AND SING TO US IN THIS FRIENDLY WAY, WITHOUT BEING PAID FOR IT, I MEAN! I'LL GO AND THANK HER."

Mrs. Ponsonby Tomkyns. "GOOD HEAVENS, YOU GOOSE, DON'T THANK HER! TELL HER SHE HAS MADE A GOOD IMPRESSION, AND THAT WE HOPE TO HAVE HER AGAIN SOON—AH, YOUR GRACE, GOING AWAY ALREADY?"

The Duchess. "YES. THANK YOU VERY MUCH FOR A PLEASANT AFTERNOON!"

Mrs. Ponsonby Tomkyns. "THANK YOU, DUCHESS! HOW KIND OF YOUR GRACE TO COME TO US!! MADEMOISELLE HAS A NICE VOICE, HAS SHE NOT?"

The Duchess. "CHARMING! I ONLY WISH I COULD AFFORD TO ENGAGE HER FOR TUESDAY! I'VE ONLY GOT AMATEURS, YOU KNOW. BY THE BYE, I SHALL BE HAPPY TO SEND YOU A CARD, IF YOU CARE TO COME."

Mrs. Ponsonby Tomkyns. "OH, THANK YOU, DUCHESS! WE SHALL ONLY BE TOO DELIGHTED, &C., &C., &C."

Mademoiselle Serrurier and her Mother, who think Mrs. Ponsonby Tomkyns a tremendous Swell, are waiting for her Grace's departure to say, "NOUS VOUS REMERCIONS INFINIMENT, MADAME DE TOMKYNs, DE VOTRE SI AIMABLE ET SYMPATHIQUE ACCUEIL!"

To which Mrs. Ponsonby Tomkyns will reply, "OH—ER—NE LE MENTIONNEZ PAS. JE SUIS SI CHARMÉE DE VOUS ÊTRE UTILE, VOUS SAVVY! ER—BONG JOOR!"

(Clever Mrs. P. T.!!!)



1877.

SELF-SACRIFICE.

THE BROWNS GIVE A JUVENILE PARTY, AND INVITE SOME GOOD-NATURED, LIVELY YOUNG PEOPLE, OF BOTH SEXES, TO AMUSE THE LITTLE ONES.

[N.B.--Brown is just now adding the last touch to the Christmas-tree in the Library, and Mrs. B. is superintending the final arrangements for supper, downstairs.



1875.

"EVIL COMMUNICATIONS," &c.

(SCENE—Mrs. Lyon Hunter's Drawing-Room, during a Lecture on "Women's Rights.")

Modest Youth (in a whisper, to *Young Lady* looking for a Seat). "ER—EXCUSE ME, BUT DO YOU BELIEVE IN THE EQUALITY OF THE SEXES, MISS WILHELMINA?"

Young Lady. "MOST CERTAINLY I DO, MR. JONES."

Modest Youth. "HAW! IN THAT CASE OF COURSE I NEEDN'T GIVE YOU UP MY CHAIR!"



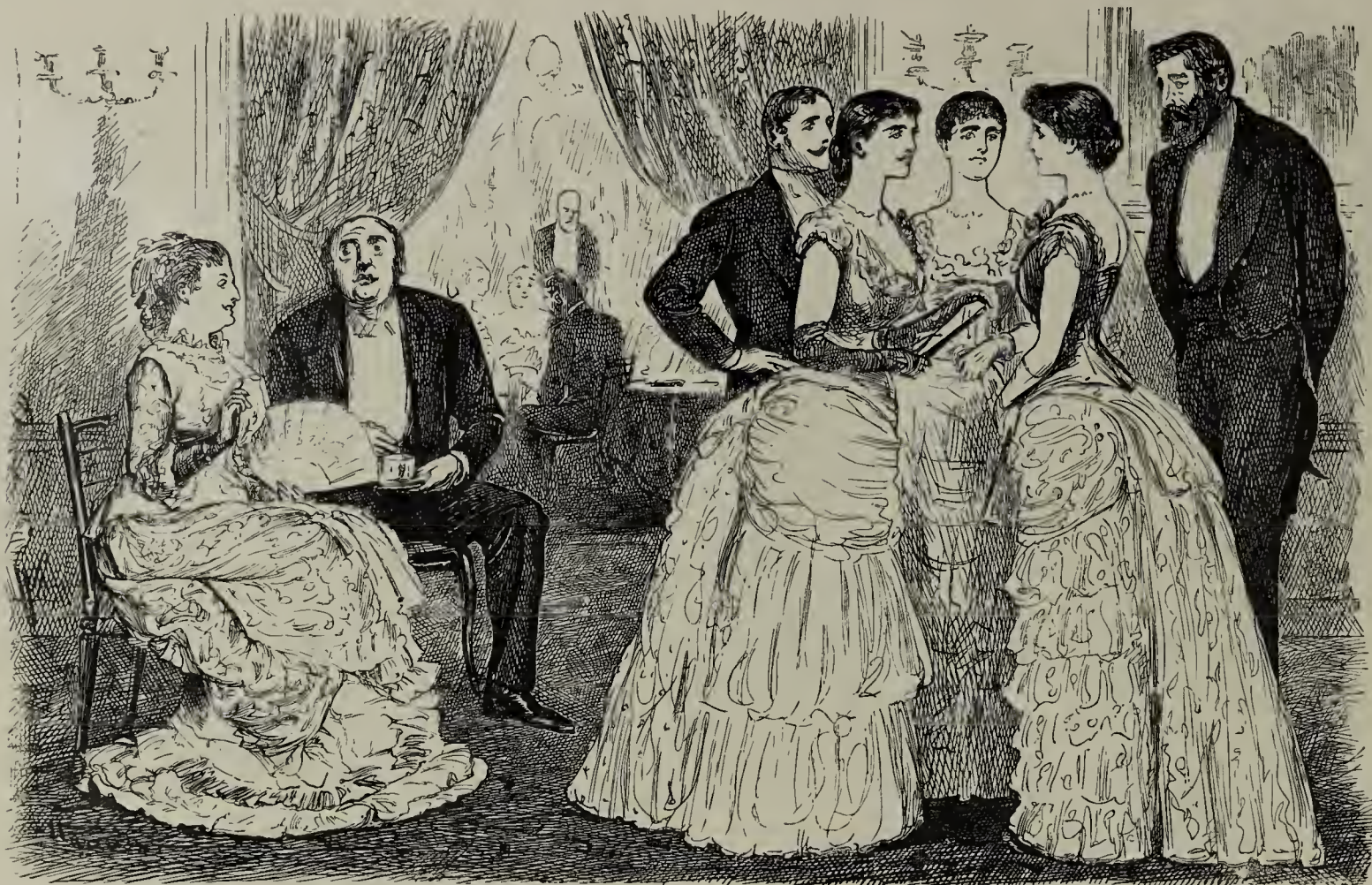
AGGRAVATING FLIPPANCY.

AGGRAVATING FLIPPANCY.

Useful Sister (to ornamental Sister, who has been bewailing the dulness of her existence for the last hour). "BELLA, YOU'RE THE MOST EGOTISTICAL CREATURE I EVER MET IN MY LIFE!"

Bella (who always gets out of everything with a joke). "WELL, JANE? IF I AM EGOTISTICAL, AT ALL EVENTS IT'S ONLY ABOUT MYSELF!"

1873.



THE ANGLO-SAXON COMPLEXION.

1883.

Frau von Schmeiligrath. "ACH! HIMMEL! MISTER CHONES! VAT PEAUTIFUL *HIDES* THEY HAF, THE YOUNG ENGLISH MISSES!"



THE LATEST FASHION IN MUSIC AT HOME.

1881.

"BY MENDELSSOHN, IS IT NOT, MISS PRIGSBY?"—"WE BELIEVE SO." "ONE OF THE 'SONGS WITHOUT WORDS'?"—"POSSIBLY. WE NEVAH LISTEN TO MENDELSSOHN." "INDEED! YOU DON'T ADMIRE HIS MUSIC?"—"WE DO NOT." "MAY I ASK WHY?"—"BECAUSE THERE ARE NO WRONG NOTES IN IT!"

[Our gallant Colonel is "out of it" again.]



"BEAUTIFUL FOR EVER"—ALAS!

1881.

"OH, MAMMA, RUN UP AND CHANGE YOUR GOWN BEFORE ANYBODY COMES!"

"WHY, WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

"WELL, YOU'RE ONLY ENAMELLED FOR A SQUARE BODY, YOU KNOW, AND YOUR MAID HAS PUT YOU ON A LOW-NECKED DRESS!"



IT IS ALWAYS WELL TO BE WELL-INFORMED.

1884.

She. "WHO'S MY SISTER'S PARTNER, *vis-à-vis*, WITH THE STAR AND RIBBON?"

He. "OH, HE—AR—HE'S SIR—SIR—DEAR ME, I FORGET HIS NAME—BUT, YOU KNOW, HE WENT SOMEWHERE OR OTHER TO LOOK AFTER THAT SCIENTIFIC FELLER—WHAT WAS HIS NAME?—YOU KNOW, WHO WAS LOST OR SOMETHING, OR ELSE KILLED BY SOMEONE!"



OFFENSIVE MODESTY.

1883.

New Customer. "I DON'T SO MUCH CARE WHAT THE THINGS ARE MADE OF, YOU KNOW. ALL I WANT IS TO LOOK LIKE A GENTLEMAN."

Tailor (with uncalled-for diffidence). "WELL, SIR, I CAN ASSURE YOU THAT I WILL DO MY VERY BEST!"



1882.

NOT SO BAD FOR AN "OLD CHAPPIE."

First Old Chappie. "THINK WE'VE TIME FOR A CIGARETTE, OLD CHAPPIE?"

Second Old Chappie. "WELL, OLD CHAPPIE, CONSIDERING THIRTY YEARS ARE SUPPOSED TO ELAPSE BETWEEN THIS LAST ACT AND THE NEXT, I THINK WE HAVE!"



AN AGGRAVATING TEUTON.

1880.

AN AGGRAVATING TEUTON.

O'Reilly (in the heat of a political discussion). "THE FACT IS, SORR, ALL YOU GERMANS ARE PRIGS, REGULAR PRIGS!"

Herr Müller. "JA WOHL! ALL VE CHERMANS ARE BRICKS, RECULAR BRICKS!"

O'Reilly. "I SAID PRIGS, SORR—NOT BRICKS!"

Herr Müller. "I HAF EARS, MY VRIENT! YOU SAID BRICKS, OF COURSE—NOT PRIGS."

O'Reilly. "PRIGS, SORR! PIC-HEADED COULD-HEARTED PRIGS!"

Herr Müller. "JA WOHL! BIG-HEADED, GOLD-HEARTED BRICKS!"

O'Reilly. "AH! GET OUT WID YE! YE'RE PAST PRAYING FOR!"

Herr Müller. "ZEN VY DO YOU GO ON BRAYING, MY VRIENT?"

[Exit O'Reilly foaming at the mouth. Herr Müller chuckles for the rest of the day.]



A TRUE FRIEND.

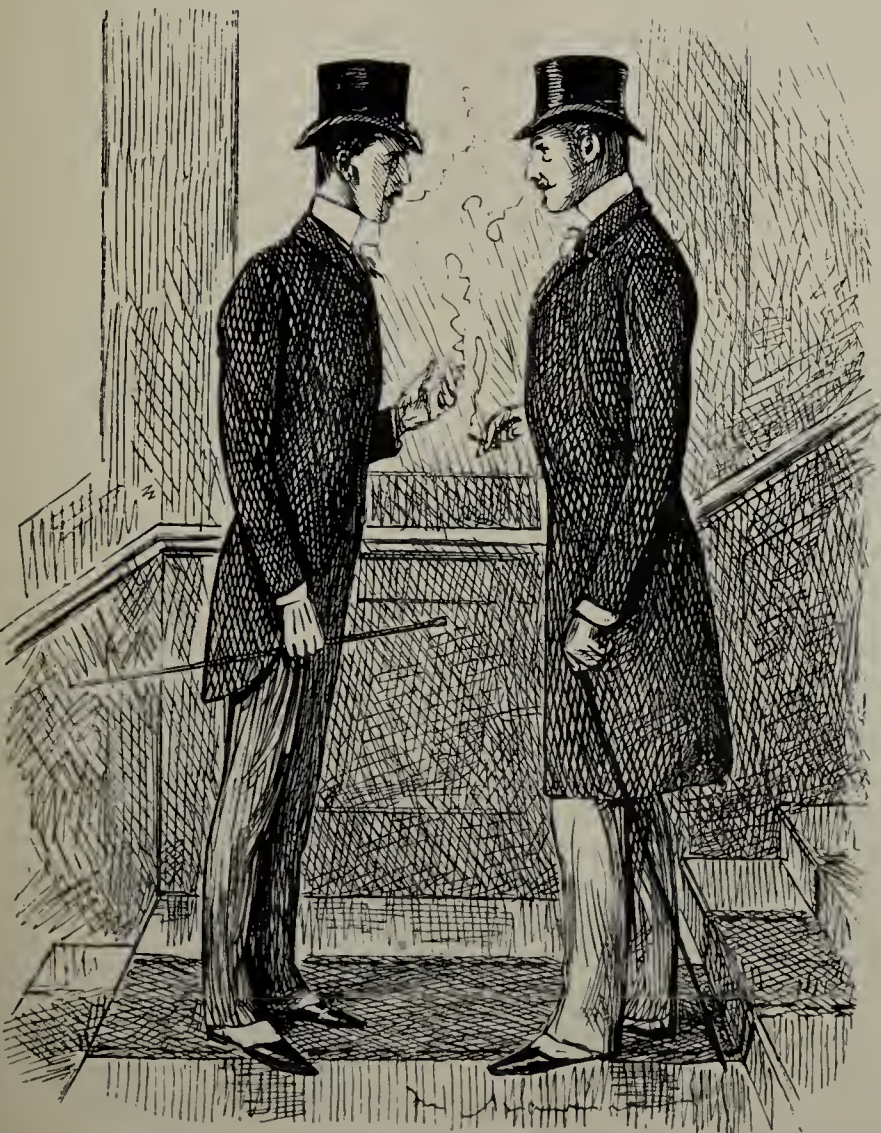
Humble Host. "I
SUPPOSE YOU FIND
SWELL SOCIETY VERY
DELIGHTFUL, DON'T YOU,
TOPSAWYER?"

Gorgeous Guest. "I BELIEVE YER, MY BOY! WHY, LAST NIGHT AT DINNER, NOW, THERE WAS I WITH A BARONET'S LADY ON ONE SIDE, AND A DOWAGER VISCOUNT-TESS ON THE OTHER, AND A LORD ALFRED SITTING JUST OPPOSITE, AND EVERYTHING ELSE TO MATCH! BUT, LOR' BLESS YOU, I'M QUITE CONTENT TO COME AND DINE WITH *YOU*, DEAR OLD BOY, AND DRINK YOUR HALF - CROWN SHERRY!"

[Helps himself to another glass.

A TRUE FRIEND.

1874.



A SENSITIVE PLANT.

1883.

"WHAT, BACK IN TOWN ALREADY, OLD CHAPPIE?"

"YES, OLD CHAPPIE. COULDN'T STAND THE COUNTRY ANY LONGER. CUCKOO GAVE ME THE HEADACHE!"



HOSPITALITY.

1882.

"BY THE BYE, MR. JONES, THEY'VE ELECTED YE AT THE DINATHERIUM, I'M HAPPY TO OBSAERVE. WILL YE DO ME THE PLEASURE OF DINING WITH ME THERE NEXT THURSDAY?—THAT IS, *ALONGSIDE* OF ME, YE KNOW!"



THE LAST VALSE BUT FOUR—TIME 2:35 A.M.

1880.

Wife of his Bosom. "DON'T KEEP LOOKING AT YOUR WATCH, ALGY! ONE WOULD THINK YOU WERE IN CHURCH!"



ANNALS OF A RETIRED SUBURB.

1882

MRS. BOULTBY SMITH AND HER DAUGHTERS HAVE BEEN "AT HOME" TO THEIR LONDON FRIENDS EVERY WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON FOR THE LAST SEVEN YEARS. LAST WEDNESDAY SOME VISITORS ACTUALLY CAME!



A NEW TRADE !

1889.

"YES, MUM, FATHER KEPT AN INN AT LITTLE PEDDINGTON, AND MOTHER KEPT THE POST-OFFICE THERE."

"AND YOUR LATE MASTER—WHO AND WHAT WAS HE?"

"THE REVEREND MR. WILKINS, MA'AM. HE KEPT A VICARAGE AT MEDLINGHAM, CLOSE BY!"



MORBID SUSCEPTIBILITY.

Mistress. "HOW IS IT YOU CAME HOME FROM YOUR PARTY SO EARLY LAST NIGHT, SUSAN? DIDN'T YOU ENJOY YOURSELF?"

Susan. "YES, MA'AM. BUT THE YOUNG MAN AS TOOK ME HIN TO SUPPER INSULTED ME!"

Mistress. "INSULTED YOU, SUSAN! WHY, WHAT DID HE SAY?"

Susan. "YES, MA'AM. HE ASKED ME IF MY PROGRAM WAS FULL; AND I'M SURE I NEVER 'AD NOTHING BUT A SANDWICH AND A GLASS OF LEMONADE, SO I COME AWAY HOME."

MORBID SUSCEPTIBILITY.

1873.



ÆSTHETIC WITH A VENGEANCE.

Tom. "I SAY, OLD MAN, NOW YOU'VE GOT THAT STUNNING HOUSE OF YOURS, YOU OUGHT TO BE LOOKING OUT FOR A WIFE!"

Rodolphus. "QUITE SO. I WAS THINKING OF ONE OF THOSE MISS GIBSONS, DON'T YOU KNOW——"

Tom. "AH! LET ME RECOMMEND THE TALL ONE, OLD MAN. SHE'LL MAKE THE BEST WIFE IN THE WORLD!"

Rodolphus. "QUITE SO. BUT THE SHORT ONE SEEMS TO HARMONISE BETTER WITH THE KIND OF FURNITURE I GO IN FOR—BUHL AND MARQUETERIE, DON'T YOU KNOW."

ÆSTHETIC WITH A VENGEANCE.

1873.



PIETY THAT OVERFLOWETH.

1873.

"ULLOA! ANNIE! CLARA! MARIA! WHY, WHAT THE DOOCE——"
 "HUSH, HERBERT! TAKE OFF YOUR HAT! WE'RE IN CHURCH!"



1880.

MRS. PONSONBY DE TOMKYN'S "DAY AT HOME."

Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns. "So good of you to take pity on us, DUCHESS! AND YOU TOO, DEAR LADY ADELINE! WE WERE REALLY FEELING QUITE DESERTED, AND——"

Footman. "MRS. MACALLISTER!"

Mrs. MacAlister (an Aunt of Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns's—quite unexpected, and by no means a person of fashion). "HECH! YE DIDNA THINK TO SET EYES ON ME THE DAY, MY BONNIE BAIRNIE! AND HOO'S A' WI' YE AND THE GUIDMAN, LASSIE?"

[Sits down and makes herself quite at home.]

Stunned by the awful apparition, Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns mentally ejaculates, "OH HEAVENS! WHAT WILL THE DUCHESS THINK?" *and loses all presence of mind.*

What the Duchess said to Lady Adeline, driving home:—"NICE MOTHERLY PERSON THAT MRS. MACALLISTER! SHE'S THE WIFE OF LORD FINSBURY'S SCOTCH BAILIFF, IT SEEMS. I'D NO IDEA MRS. TOMKYN'S HAD SUCH RESPECTABLE CONNECTIONS!"



1878.

MUSIC AT HOME.

("To such base uses do we come at last.")

Hostess (*whispering, to Distinguished Amateur*). "I WANT YOU TO SING NEXT!" Distinguished Amateur (*whose Voice is not quite what it used to be*). "I THOUGHT I WASN'T TO SING TILL QUITE AT THE END!" Hostess. "YES—BUT THERE ARE NOT ICES ENOUGH—AND I WANT SOME OF THE PEOPLE TO GO!"



HISTORY OF A FAMILY PORTRAIT.

1883.

Grigsby. "By the way, THAT'S A NEW PICTURE, SIR POMPEY—THE KNIGHT IN ARMOUR, I MEAN!"

Sir Pompey Bedell. "ER—YES. IT CAME TO ME IN RATHER A CURIOUS WAY—ER—TOO LONG TO RELATE AT PRESENT. IT'S AN ANCESTOR OF MINE—A BEDELL OF RICHARD THE THIRD'S PERIOD!"

Grigsby (who made an all but successful offer of three-seventeen-six for said Picture, last week, to old Moss Isaacs, in Wardour Street). "BY JOVE, HE WAS PRECIOUS NEAR BEING AN ANCESTOR OF MINE TOO!"

[Proceeds to explain, but is interrupted by Sir P.'s proposing to join the Ladies.]



SUFFICIENT GROUNDS FOR REFUSAL.

1880.

SUFFICIENT GROUNDS FOR REFUSAL.

(SCENE—Office in Dublin
Life Assurance.)

Surgeon of the Company. "HEART AND LIVER SOUND AS A BELL. BE JARGE, YE'VE THE FINEST LOIFE I EVER SAW, SOR! FWHAT'S YOUR BUSINESS, OR PROFESSION, NOW?"

Applicant. "I HAVEN'T GOT ANY."

Surgeon. "FWHAT! YE DON'T MEAN TO SAY YE'VE GOT LAND!"

Applicant. "A FEW ACRES."

Surgeon. "FAITH! THIN I'M SORRY FOR YE! BUT YE WON'T DO FOR US!"

[Certificate refused.]



THE NEW SOCIETY CRAZE.

1888.

The New Governess (through her pretty nose). "WAALL—I COME RIGHT SLICK AWAY FROM NE'YORK CITY, AN' I AIN'T HAD MUCH TIME FOR FOOLIN' AROUND IN EUROPE—YOU BET! SO I CAN'T FIX UP YOUR GALS IN THE EU-RÔPEAN LANGUAGES, NO-HOW!"

Belgravian Mamma (who knows there's a Duke or two still left in the Matrimonial Market). "OH, THAT'S OF NO CONSEQUENCE. I WANT MY DAUGHTERS TO ACQUIRE THE AMERICAN ACCENT IN ALL ITS PURITY—AND THE IDIOMS, AND ALL THAT. NOW I'M SURE YOU WILL DO ADMIRABLY!"



LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF PORTRAIT-PAINTING.

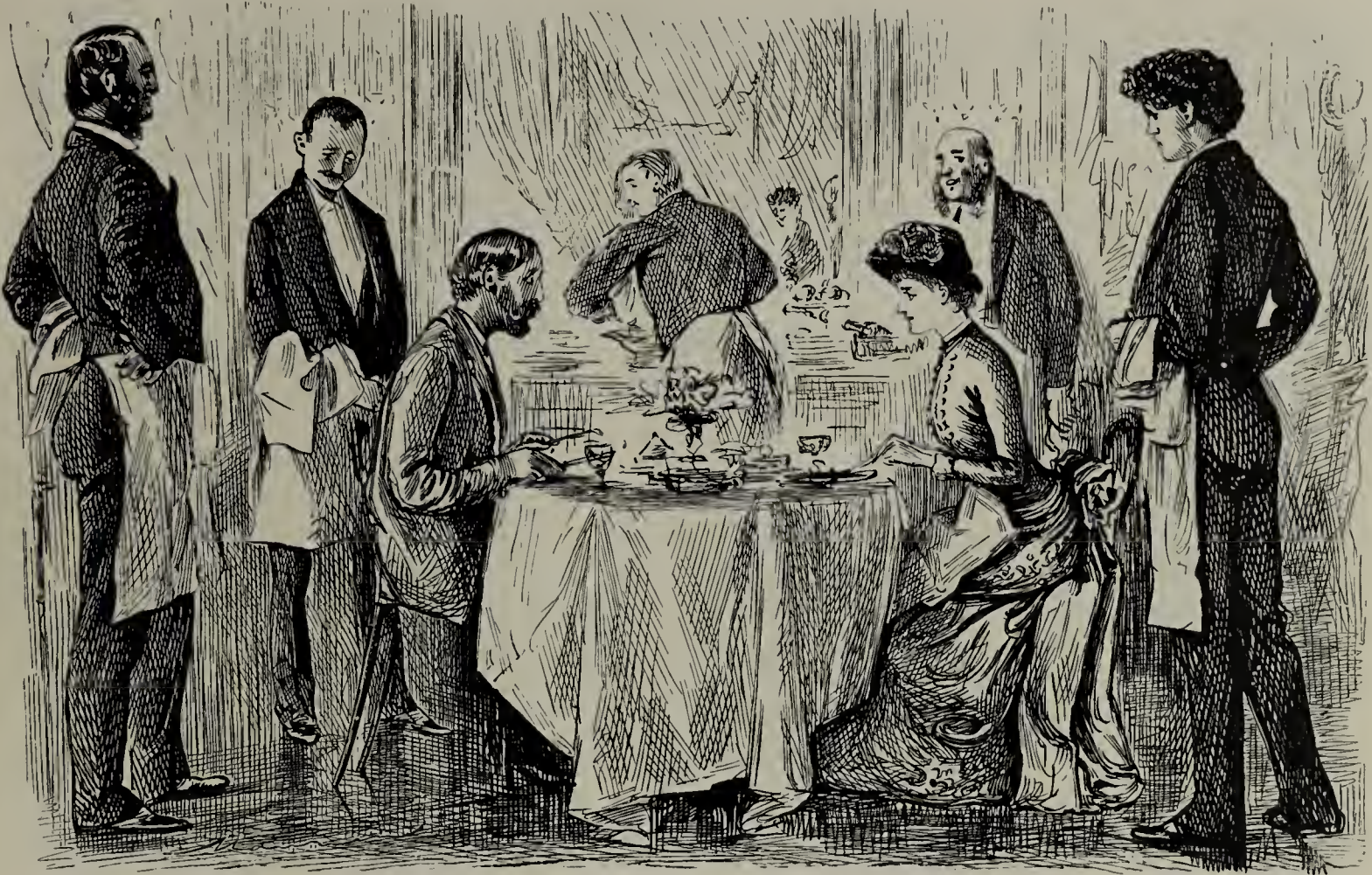
1883.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF PORTRAIT-PAINTING.

(Why shouldn't a Portrait-Painter make his Sitters pay in proportion to their ugliness? He might put it to them delicately, but firmly.)

Alderman Sir Robert. "AH, VERY LIKE THE COLONEL—VERY LIKE, INDEED! FIVE HUNDRED GUINEAS, DID YOU SAY? WELL, I SHOULD LIKE YOU TO PAINT ME LIKE THAT."

Our Artist. "OH, FOR YOU, SIR ROBERT, IT WOULD BE TWO THOUSAND! I DON'T WISH TO FLATTER, BUT YOU HAVE—A—A VERY EXPENSIVE CAST OF FEATURES. THE COLONEL'S FEATURES ARE ORDINARY, POOR OLD CHAP! HOOK NOSE, SHORT UPPER LIP, PROMINENT CHIN, LITTLE MOUTH, BIG EYES, HIGH FOREHEAD, AND ALL THAT, YOU KNOW—VERY CHEAP, INDEED!"



CUTTING.

1884.

Edwin. "THESE CONFOUNDED FRENCH DUFFERS DON'T SEEM TO UNDERSTAND THEIR OWN LANGUAGE, ANGY!"

Angelina. "NOT AS YOU SPEAK IT, LOVE! BY THE WAY, I WOULD RECOMMEND YOU ALWAYS TO SPEAK FRENCH IN FRANCE, WHEN YOU HAVE ANYTHING OF A CONFIDENTIAL NATURE TO IMPART TO ME BEFORE THE NATIVES! SO MANY OF THEM UNDERSTAND A LITTLE ENGLISH, YOU KNOW!"



A GENERIC DIFFERENCE.

1876.

First Schoolgirl (Sweet Eighteen). "I AM SO TIRED OF WALKING ALONG BY TWOS AND TWOS IN THIS WAY! IT'S AS BAD AS THE ANIMALS GOING INTO THE ARK!"

Second Ditto (ditto ditto). "WORSE! HALF OF THEM WERE MASCULINE!"



1878.

A TRUE ARTIST.

Mamma (to Tommy, who has been allowed for a few minutes to wait at table). "Now, TOMMY, KISS ME, AND GO TO BED."
 Tommy (to Footman). "DO YOU EVER KISS THE MISSUS, CHARLES?"
 Footman. "No, SIR!" Tommy. "THEN I WON'T!"



1872.

EXPERIENTIA DOCET.

Eldest of Fourteen. "WHERE'S BABY, MADGE?" Madge. "IN THE OTHER ROOM, I THINK, EMILY."
 Eldest of Fourteen. "GO DIRECTLY, AND SEE WHAT SHE'S DOING, AND TELL HER SHE MUSTN'T!"



UNCONSCIOUS REPARTEE.

1882.

Uncle Dick (an eminent R.A.). "WELL, JOHNNY, AND WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO BE?"

Johnny. "I SHALL BE A JUDGE, LIKE PAPA!"

Uncle Dick. "AH, BUT YOU HAVEN'T BRAINS ENOUGH, MY BOY!"

Johnny. "OH, THEN I'LL BE AN ARTIST, LIKE YOU!"



A CONTENTED MIND.

1872.

"O, MAMMA! WE HAVE HAD SUCH FUN! FANCY, WE'VE BEEN DOING PRIVATE THEATRICALS, AND ALL OF US TOOK A PART!"

"INDEED! AND WHAT PART DID YOU ALL TAKE?"

"O, THE PART OF THOSE WHO LOOK ON AND CLAP THEIR HANDS, YOU KNOW."



PROPRIETY IN A FIX.

1876

MRS. QUIVERFUL HAS THREE DAUGHTERS JUST ENGAGED, AND THE PLEASING DUTY DEVOLVES UPON HER OF CHAPERONING THEM WHEN THEY TAKE THEIR WALKS ABROAD WITH THEIR RESPECTIVE LOVERS. UNFORTUNATELY, THE YOUNG COUPLES WILL GO THEIR OWN DIVERGENT WAYS!



BEWARE HOW YOU
INTRODUCE YOUR
INTIMATE FRIENDS
TO EACH OTHER.

THE TOMKINSONS
THINK THOSE DEAR JEN-
KINSONS WOULD GET ON
SO WELL WITH THOSE
DELIGHTFUL WILKIN-
SONS THAT THEY GIVE
A SMALL DINNER-PARTY
TO ENABLE THESE TO
MEET.

BEHOLD THEM AFTER
DINNER: — THE WIL-
KINSONS AND JENKIN-
SONS ARE GETTING ON SO
VERY WELL TOGETHER,
THAT POOR T. AND HIS
WIFE ARE COMPLETELY
LEFT OUT IN THE COLD
AND HAVE TO FALL BACK
ON THEIR OWN PHOTO-
GRAPH-ALBUMS!

BEWARE HOW YOU INTRODUCE YOUR INTIMATE FRIENDS TO EACH OTHER.

1876.



DUE APPRECIATION OF ARTISTIC MERIT.

1878.

"THE DOCTOR HAS BEEN, HARRY, AND HE SAYS THERE'S NOTHING SERIOUS THE MATTER WITH COOK, BUT THAT SHE REQUIRES PORT WINE. SO I'M GOING TO GIVE HER SOME OF THAT WE GOT FOR BABY LAST YEAR."

"GOOD HEAVENS, MARY, DON'T GIVE HER *THAT*! GIVE HER WHATEVER REMAINS OF THE '34 YOUR UNCLE, THE DEAN, LEFT US; AND THEN GO ON WITH THE '47, YOU KNOW!"



ALTRUISM.

1885

Affable Stranger. "AND ARE YOU THE ONLY ONE?"

Small Boy. "OH, NO! THERE'S PAPA AND MAMMA, YOU KNOW!"



SOCIAL AGONIES.

1886.

BROWN (THE EMINENT AND WITTY Q.C.) WOULD BE THE MOST DELIGHTFUL COMPANY IN THE WORLD, BUT FOR A HABIT HE HAS, WHEN HE HOLDS FORTH, OF UNCONSCIOUSLY BUILDING THE MOST ELABORATE AND TOP-HEAVY STRUCTURES WITH HIS HOSTESS'S BEST WINE GLASSES AND DECANTERS.



A SEVERE CRITIC.

1884.

She (innocently). "LANDSCAPE! NATURE, INDEED! WHY, IT'S NO MORE LIKE NATURE THAN I AM!"



BREAKING THE ICE.

1885.

Pompous Briton. "A—A—A COUSIN OF MINE MET SOME PEOPLE OF YOUR NAME RESIDING AT NAPLES. COULD YOU TELL ME WHO THEY MIGHT BE?"
 Polite Foreigner. "MY ELDEST BRUZZER AND HIS FAMILY."
 Pompous Briton. "OH, BUT THEY ARE GREAT SWELLS OUT THERE!"



A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

1885.

Effie. "WHAT! IS THAT THE BEAUTIFUL MISS JONES? WHY, I ADMIRE YOU MORE THAN HER, MAMMA!"

Mamma. "OH, MY DEAR!"

Effie. "I THINK SHE'S PERFECTLY HIDEOUS!"



PERFUNCTORY.

1885.

"CAN I HAVE A DANCE?"—"OH YES. NUMBER EIGHTEEN!"

"THA-ANKS! ONLY I SHAN'T BE HERE!"—"NO MORE SHALL I!"



SEPARATE INTERESTS.

1878.

Husband. "HI! MARIA! TAKE CARE OF THE PAINT!"

Painter. "IT DON'T MATTER, MA'AM. IT'LL ALL 'AVE TO BE PAINTED AGAIN!"



1880.

HAPPY THOUGHT FOR THE NEXT LONDON SEASON—FOOTWOMEN.

TWICE AS ORNAMENTAL AS MALE FLUNKYS WITHOUT BEING A BIT MORE
USELESS OR CONCEITED.



SWAIN. 54.
1878.

SOCIAL AGONIES.

Man-Servant (in stentorian accents). "LADY AND MISTER JONES!"

Lady Jones. "I'M SO SORRY, DEAR MRS. LYON HUNTER! POOR SIR JOHN IS SO OPPRESSED BY THE HEAT, THAT HE DID NOT DARE VENTURE OUT TO DINNER TONIGHT. BUT I HAVE BROUGHT YOU OUR SON IN HIS PLACE!"

[Sir John Jones, as everybody knows, is the Lion of the Season, besides being the wittiest man in London, and all the people assembled for dinner at Mrs. Lyon Hunter's have been invited expressly to meet Sir John Jones!]



1878.

CHERUBIC.

"IS *THAT* GREAT-GRANDPAPA, AUNTIE DEAR?"—"YES. *THAT'S* GREAT-GRANDPAPA!"

"AND WAS GREAT-GRANDPAPA CLEVER?"—"VERY CLEVER, INDEED!"

"AND WAS GREAT-GRANDPAPA VERY *GOOD*?"—"VERY, VERY GOOD!"

"AND IS THAT ALL THERE WAS OF GREAT-GRANDPAPA?"



LEVELLING TENDENCY OF MODERN DRESS.

1877.

Old Gentleman (shocked beyond description) to Verger. "DON'T YOU THINK THOSE YOUTHS HAD BETTER BE TOLD TO TAKE THEIR HATS OFF?"

Verger. "TAKE THEIR 'ATS OFF! BLESS YOU, SIR, THOSE ARE THE DEAN'S YOUNG LADIES!"



QUID PRO QUO.

Madame Gaminot.
 "OH YES, MONSIEUR JONES, J'ADORE LES ANGLAIS! ZEY UNDERSTAND BISNESSE! FOR EXAMPLE, ZEY PAY ME SIXTY POUND — FIFTEEN 'UNDRED FRANC— TO SING 'LA BLANCHISSEUSE DU TAMBOUR-MAJOR' AT A EVENING PARTY! IT SEEM A GREAT DEAL! BUT ZEY LAUGH, AND ZEY SAY, 'OH, SHARMONG! OH, RAVISSONG!' AND IT MEK EVERYBODY SINK ZAT EVERYBODY ELSE KNOW FRENCH—IT ALMOST MEK ZEM SINK ZAT ZEY KNOW IT ZEM-SELS !!! ÇA VAUT BIEN QUINZE CENTS FRANCS, J'ESPÈRE!"

QUID PRO QUO.

1882.



GROUNDLESS ALARM.

1878.

"GOOD HEAVENS, GIRLS! WHAT—WHAT DOES THIS MEAN? A POST-CARD, ADDRESSED TO ONE OF YOU, AND ON IT I READ:—'ARE YOU AND YOUR SISTERS COMING TO THE *B. AND S. CLUB* THIS AFTERNOON?'"

"IT'S ALL RIGHT, PAPA DEAR! *B. AND S.* STANDS FOR *BATTLEDORE AND SHUTTLECOCK!*"



A FRIEND IN NEED.

1884.

Bobby Short. "I SAY—I CAN'T FIND MY PARTNER, MISS WILSON! HAVE YOU SEEN HER?"

Tommy Long. "DON'T KNOW HER BY SIGHT, EVEN! BUT, IF YOU LIKE, I'LL LIFT YOU UP, AND YOU CAN HUNT FOR YOURSELF!"



A NEW TASTE IN MEN AND WOMEN.

1883.

She. "WHAT A FINE-LOOKING MAN MR. O'BRIEN IS!"

He. "H'M—HAH—RATHER ROUGH-HEWN, I THINK. CAN'T SAY I ADMIRE THAT LOUD-LAUGHING, STRONG-VOICED, ROBUST KIND OF MAN. NOW THAT'S A FINE-LOOKING WOMAN HE'S TALKING TO!"

She. "WELL—ER—SOMEWHAT EFFEMINATE, YOU KNOW. CONFESS I DON'T ADMIRE EFFEMINATE WOMEN!"



A VENIAL TRESPASS.

1889.

Squire Bluenose. "NOW THEN, SIR! CAN'T YOU READ? DIDN'T YOU OBSERVE THAT THIS ROAD IS PRIVATE?"

Edwin. "A—M—YES! TO TELL YOU THE HONEST TRUTH, THAT'S EXACTLY WHY WE CAME HERE!"



TOWN MOUSE AND COUNTRY MOUSE.

Ethel. "LOOK—LOOK, DOROTHY! THERE'S RICHARD MARVEL!"

Dorothy (Country Cousin). "RICHARD MARVEL? WHO'S HE?"

Ethel. "WHAT, NEVER HEARD OF RICHARD MARVEL? WHY, HE'S THE ACTOR, YOU KNOW, AT THE PARTHENON!"

Dorothy. "OH! AN ACTOR, IS HE! HE'S SOMETHING LIKE MR. OSBALDISTONE SMITH."

Ethel. "WHO'S MR. OSBALDISTONE SMITH?"

Dorothy. "WHAT! NEVER HEARD OF MR. OSBALDISTONE SMITH!! WHY, HE'S THE GREATEST BREEDER OF SHORT-HORNS IN ALL CUMBERLAND!!!"

1883.

TOWN MOUSE AND COUNTRY MOUSE.



HOW FRIENDSHIPS ARE KEPT WARM!

Mrs. Jones. "OH, I'VE LEFT OUT THE BROWNS! MUST WE INVITE THEM?"

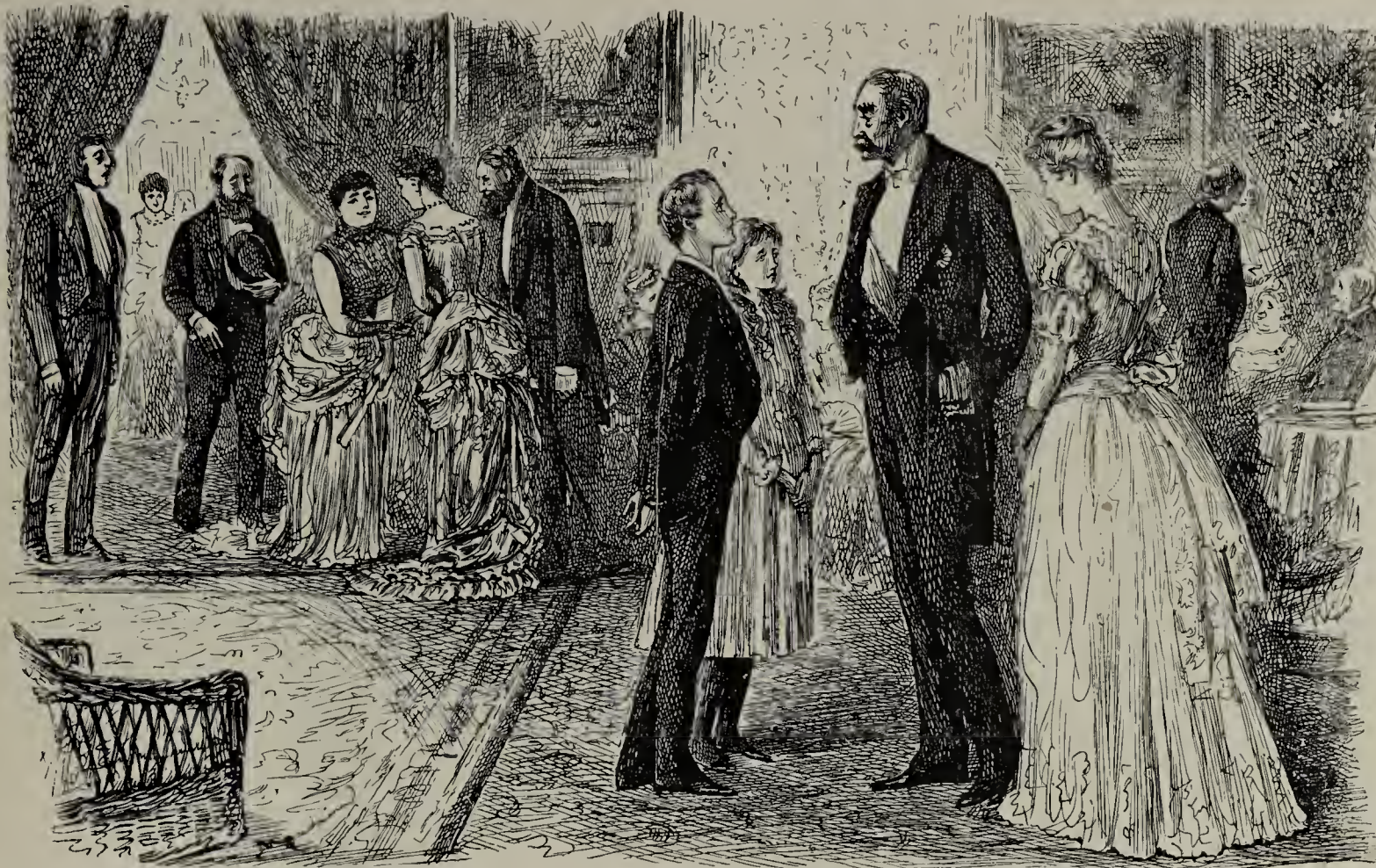
Jones. "HANG IT ALL, IT'S A BEASTLY BORE, BUT I SUPPOSE WE MUST!"



1883.

Mrs. Brown. "AN INVITATION FROM THE JONESES, LOVE! MUST WE ACCEPT?"

Brown. "CONFOUND IT! IT'S A GHASTLY NUISANCE—BUT I SUPPOSE WE MUST!"



FAME.

1884.

*(The Quarter of an Hour before Dinner.)**Son of the House (to the Hero of the Day).* "ARE YOU ANY RELATION TO THE WILLIAMSON?"*General Sir Archibald Williamson, G.C.B., G.C.S.I., V.C., &c., &c., &c.* "THE WILLIAMSON?"*Son of the House.* "YES; FRED WILLIAMSON, YOU KNOW, WHO JUMPED FIVE FEET SEVEN AND THREE-QUARTERS AT OUR SPORTS THIS TERM!"

OUR CURATES.

1889.

"MY VICAR'S AWAY! I PREACH THREE TIMES ON SUNDAY, AND BOSS THE ENTIRE SHOW!"



A DELICATE QUESTION.

1886.

Monsieur le Comte. "AND NOW, MADAM, ZAT YOU 'AVE SO KINDLY INSTRUCT ME ON ZE INTERESTING 'ISTORY OF ZE 'OUSE, DARE I PERMIT MYSELF TO ASK HOW FAR DOES YOUR *PROPRIETY* EXTEND?"



SIR GORGIUS ON THE "CONTINONG."

1881.

Sir G. Midas (to his Younger Son). "THERE'S A GLASS O' CHAMPAGNE FOR YER, 'ENRY! DOWN WITH IT, MY LAD—AND THANK 'EAVEN YOU'RE AN ENGLISHMAN, AND CAN AFFORD TO DRINK IT!"



THE
BÉBÉ BONNET.

Fashionable Customer.
"BUT IT MAKES ME
LOOK SO INNOCENT!"

Fashionable Milliner.
"OH NO! INDEED,
MADAM! ANYTHING
BUT THAT!"

Fashionable Customer.
"ARE YOU SURE, NOW?"

Fashionable Milliner.
"QUITE SURE, MADAM!"

Fashionable Customer.
"THEN YOU MAY SEND
IT ME!"

THE BÉBÉ BONNET.

1876.



GENEROUS SELF-DENIAL.

1875.

Hostess. "YOU ARE NOT DANCING, MRS. MIRABEL! I SUPPOSE YOU'VE GIVEN UP SUCH A FRIVOLOUS AMUSEMENT?"

Mrs. Mirabel (stout Lady of considerable personal attractions). "O DEAR, NO! BUT—A—YOUNG MEN ARE SCARCE, AND I DON'T THINK IT'S QUITE FAIR TO THE GIRLS, YOU KNOW!"



SUDDEN RESULTS OF DUCAL CAPRICE.

1880.

SUDDEN RESULTS OF DUCAL CAPRICE.

Todeson (a staunch Conservative ever since he shook hands with Royalty, last week). "LOOK, AUNT, THERE'S CZESCHSKI, THE VIOLINIST, YOU KNOW! BY JOVE, IF HE ISN'T SITTING BETWEEN THE DUCHESS OF IPSWICH AND THE DUCHESS OF PUTNEY! SPLENDID FELLOW, CZESCHSKI! MOST CHARMING WOMEN, THEIR GRACES!—KNOW THEM BOTH WELL—MUST INTRODUCE YOU SOME DAY"—(bows elaborately—is completely ignored—continues his remarks to his Aunt)—"UGH! IF IT AIN'T SICKENING TO SEE THE WAY THAT FAWN-ING FIDDLING CAD TOADIES THOSE TWO OLD FRUMPS, JUST BECAUSE THEY'RE DUCHESSES! WHY, THEY WOULDN'T EVEN SPEAK TO HIM IF HE WEREN'T A FOREIGNER; AND THEY'LL CUT HIM DEAD NEXT WEEK—THAT'S A COMFORT! UGH! WHAT A WORLD!"

[Becomes a Radical again on the spot.]



A NARROW ESCAPE.

1881.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

(Todeson very nearly becomes a Conservative again.)

The Duchess (suddenly recognising T.). "OH, HOW D'Y'DO? I'M SO GLAD TO MEET YOU, MR.—MISTER—A—"

Todeson (hastily dropping Mrs. Crumps, wife of the Radical Member for Spitalfields). "OH, DUCHESS! HOW KIND OF YOUR GRACE TO SAY SO!"

The Duchess. "A—I CAN'T SEE MY FOOTMAN ANYWHERE. WILL YOU BE SO GOOD AS TO FIND OUT IF THE CARRIAGE HAS COME?"

[Exit poor T. in search of the Ducal conveyance.]



1885.

WHO WOULDN'T BE A DRAWING-MASTER!



1880.

AN INVIDIOUS GROWL.

Lucy. "WHO'S THAT GRAND-LOOKING LADY TALKING TO MR. TODESON, PAPA?"
 Papa. "HAVEN'T AN IDEA, MY LOVE! NEVER SAW HER GRACE IN MY LIFE!"

Lucy. "'HER GRACE'? HOW CAN YOU TELL SHE'S A DUCHESS, PAPA?"
 Papa (who, perhaps, is NOT on speaking terms with *Duchesses*). "BY TODESON'S BACK!"



A MOTHERLY PUFF.

1876.

Manœuvring Mamma (anxious that her Daughter's chief attraction should not escape the notice of the very eligible Young Man who is taking her—the Daughter—down to supper). "MARIA! MARIA!"

Maria. "YES, MAMMA!"

Manœuvring Mamma (in loud whisper). "TAKE YOUR EYELASHES OUT OF TANGLE, DARLING!"



SENSE AND SENSIBILITY.

1873.

SENSE AND SENSIBILITY.

"YOU'VE HEARD ABOUT THE POOR DEAR DUCHESS? ISN'T IT TOO AWFUL?"

"IT IS, INDEED! DID YOU HAPPEN TO KNOW HER GRACE?"

"WELL—ER—NO!"

"NO MORE DID I! HAPPY THOUGHT—LET US TRY AND BEAR UP!"



CONFUSION OF CAUSE AND EFFECT.

Maggie. "OH! TOMMY!! LOOK AT THAT SWEET LITTLE THING!!! I'M AFRAID IT'S AFRAID OF CHIMBORAZO! JUST WAG CHIMBORAZO'S TAIL, TO PUT HIM IN A GOOD TEMPER, THERE'S A GOOD BOY!"



A COUSINLY HINT.

"HOW TALL OUR SHADOWS ARE, CLAUDE!"—"YES, AREN'T THEY?"—"TALL ENOUGH FOR US TO BE MARRIED, I THINK!"



CASUISTIC INGENUITY.

1876.

"GRACIOUS HEAVENS! CHILDREN, CHILDREN! ARE YOU AWARE THAT TO-DAY IS SUNDAY?"

"YES, MAMMA, BUT WE'RE PRETENDING IT ISN'T, YOU KNOW; SO IT'S ALL RIGHT!"



AN EPICURE.

1877.

"OH, GEORGE, I'M ASHAMED OF YOU—RUBBING YOUR LIPS LIKE THAT, AFTER THAT DEAR LITTLE FRENCH GIRL HAS GIVEN YOU A KISS!"

"I'M NOT RUBBING IT OUT, MAMMY!—I'M RUBBING IT IN!"



A DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.

A DOMESTIC
TRAGEDY.

(On returning from the Theatre, the Thompsons find their Housemaid in great distress, with her arm bound up in her Apron.)

Mrs. Thompson.
"WHAT IS THE MATTER, ANN? HAVE YOU HURT YOUR HAND?"

Ann. "W-W-W-WORSE THAN THAT, MA'AM!"

Mrs. Thompson.
"NOT BROKEN YOUR ARM, I TRUST?"

Ann. "W-W-WORSE THAN THAT!"

Mrs. Thompson.
"GOOD HEAVENS!—WHAT IS IT?"

Cook. "THE FACT IS, MA'AM, THE SILLY GIRL HAS BEEN TRYIN' ON YOUR NEW BRACELET, AND NONE OF US KNOWS HOW TO GET IT OFF AGAIN!"

1880.



THE FESTIVE SEASON.

1883.

Mistress. "AND YOU MAY ALL OF YOU ASK A FRIEND TO DINNER, YOU KNOW; AND, SMITHERS, YOU CAN ASK YOUR WIFE."

Butler. "THANK YOU, MA'AM. I THINK NOT, IF YOU PLEASE, MA'AM!"



1884.

EARLY DOMESTIC TRIALS.

Young Wife (in great trepidation—to her Brother). "TOMMY, I'M GOING TO GIVE THE COOK WARNING. JUST LISTEN AT THIS CORNER, AND AS SOON AS YOU HEAR ME SAY, 'COOK, I GIVE YOU A MONTH'S WARNING FROM TO-DAY,' MIND YOU CALL ME, AND SAY I'M WANTED IMMEDIATELY!"



1877.

A PARAGON.

Lady's-Maid (enumerating her Qualifications for the Place). "I MAY LIKEWISE HADD, MEM, THAT I HALWAYS MANAGES TO MARRY MY YOUNG LADIES MOST SATISFACTORY!"



A TERRIBLE ALTERNATIVE.

1885.

He. "It's a Polka; but we can waltz to it."

She. "Oh, not for worlds! I hate waltzing to a Polka; besides I adore the Polka Step!"

He. "Sorry! I—a—neva! dance the Polka; but we can sit out this dance, if you like—and I will talk to you!"

She. "Oh, good gracious, no! Let us dance it any way you like!"



THE JOYS OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

1886.

Photographer (about to make his fourteenth attempt). "COULD YOU MANAGE TO LOOK A LITTLE BIT LESS DREARY, SIR—JUST FOR HALF A SECOND—NOT MORE!"



AMONG THE TRITONS.

(The Duchess of Stilton at Home—Small and Early.)

1885.

Mrs. Minnow (indignantly, to her husband). "LOOK, LOVE! MR. AND MRS. STICKLEBACK, OF ALL PEOPLE! TO THINK OF THOSE STICKLEBACKS BEING HERE!!"

Mr. Minnow. "YES, LOVE! AND TO THINK OF THEIR BEING THE ONLY PEOPLE IN THE ROOM WE KNOW!"

[Mr. and Mrs. Stickleback are saying precisely the same things of their old friends Mr. and Mrs. Minnow.]



SNOB-SNUBBING.

"A—I THINK YOU KNOW THE TETTER-BYS. ARE THEY—A—QUITE THE SORT OF PEOPLE ONE CAN ASK TO ONE'S HOUSE, DON'TCHERKNOW?"

"OH, CERTAINLY, IF YOU WISH TO. WHETHER THEY'LL COME OR NOT, IS ANOTHER QUESTION!"

SNOB-SNUBBING.

1886.



DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS.—THE ACTOR,

1884.

DISTINGUISHED
AMATEURS.

THE ACTOR.

Billy Wapshot. "I SAY, LOOK HERE, YOU KNOW! THEY'VE CAST ME FOR THE PART OF *SIR GUY EARLISWOODDE*, AN AWFUL ASS THAT EVERYONE KEEPS LAUGHING AT! HOW THE DICKENS AM I TO ACT SUCH A BEASTLY PART AS THAT?—AND HOW AM I TO DRESS FOR IT, I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW?"

Brown (Stage Manager). "MY DEAR FELLOW, DRESS JUST AS YOU ARE!—AND AS FOR ACTING, BE AS NATURAL AS YOU POSSIBLY CAN! IT WILL BE AN IMMENSE SUCCESS!"



HAPPY THOUGHT.—A "SUNDAY SCHOOL FOR THE UPPER CLASSES."

1883.

HAPPY THOUGHT.

A "SUNDAY SCHOOL
FOR THE UPPER
CLASSES."

(*Vide Bishop of Oxford's Speech at the Church Congress.*)

Elizabeth Waring (Lawn-dress and Charwoman, and Sunday School Teacher to the U.C.). "AND NOW, MY DEAR LITTLE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I TRUST YOU WILL NOT DESECRATE THIS BEAUTIFUL SUNDAY AFTERNOON BY GOING ON THE RIVER! YOU CAN DO THAT FROM MONDAY MORNING TILL SATURDAY NIGHT, YOU KNOW! HIS LORDSHIP HERE, WHO WAS AT ETON AND OXFORD, WILL NO DOUBT REMEMBER HOW THE OARS HE HAD PLIED SO BUSILY ALL THE WEEK, LAY UNTOUCHED ON SUNDAY! AND YOU TOO, MY DEARS, WILL PLEASE TO GIVE UP THE RIVER, ON THAT ONE DAY—TO THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN TOILING ALL THE BUSY WEEK LONG IN STIFLING OFFICES AND GRIMY WORKSHOPS, AND SUCH-LIKE!"



1881.

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Jinks. "A—HAVE I HAD THE—A—PLEASURE OF SAYING GOOD-BYE TO *YOU*,
MISS MARY?"



1879.

TWO THRONES.

Oh, Beauty, peerless as thou art,
And wide thy range, and keen thy dart
And meek the captives of thy bow,
Inconstant beats the manly heart—
The present Bard's extremely so!

Wit, Wisdom, Strength, and Valour meet
(The Bard amongst them), at thy feet
To kneel in homage, as of old;
Yet turn a rival Queen to greet,
Whose crown is of a purer gold!

Preen as thou wilt thy feathers fine,
A gift is hers, by grace divine,
Even more potent to enthrall,
O Bird of Paradise, than thine,
The hearts and souls of one and all!

And what avail thy gilded crest,
The silver shimmer of thy breast,
The glories of thy painted wing,
If, yielding to the Bard's behest,
The Nightingale vouchsafe to sing!



SOCIAL AGONIES.

1885.

Young Husband. "YES, AUNTY, I FLATTER MYSELF THE ROOM LOOKS PRETTY WELL—BUT, MY DEAR ELLEN, WHERE, IN THE NAME OF FORTUNE, DID YOU GET THOSE ATROCIOUS VASES? THEY'RE A PERFECT EYESORE!"

Young Wife. "MY DEAR FRED! WHAT ARE YOU SAYING? WHY, DEAR AUNTY GAVE THEM TO US! THEY'RE PERFECTLY LOVELY!"

[Dear Ellen has just exhumed them from a Cupboard, where they are always kept when dear Aunty is not expected.]



"NO ONE IS A
HERO TO HIS
VALET."

Sir Arthur Pillson, Bart., M.D., F.R.C.P., &c., &c., &c. "AND ARE YOU BETTER, SIMPSON, AFTER THAT MEDICINE I GAVE YOU LAST NIGHT?"

Cook. "WELL, I CAN'T SAY AS I HAM, SIR HARTHUR; AND TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, IF YOU'VE NO OBJECTION, SIR HARTHUR, I SHOULD LIKE TO CONSULT A REGULAR MEDICAL MAN!"

"NO ONE IS A HERO TO HIS VALET."

1882.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

1884.

"How good of you to come and see me, Mr. Pinkerton!"

"Well, you know, Mrs. Bunderby, the Mountain wouldn't come to Mahomet, so Mahomet had to come to the Mountain!"



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

1885.

Deaf Old Gentleman. "THE CONVERSATION SEEMS VERY AMUSING, MY DEAR. WHAT IS IT ALL ABOUT?"
Hostess (fortissimo). "WHEN THEY SAY ANYTHING WORTH REPEATING, GRANDPAPA, I'LL TELL YOU!"



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

1886.

Host (across table). "BY THE WAY, BISHOP, I HEAR SIR WORMWOOD AND LADY SCRUBBS ARE IN TOWN, AND JUSTICE TUPPER AND HIS WIFE. I ONLY WISH I HAD KNOWN IT BEFORE, FOR I WOULD HAVE ASKED THEM TO-DAY TO MEET YOU!"

Mental Chorus of Guests. "I WONDER WHICH OF US WOULD HAVE BEEN LEFT OUT!"



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

1887.

Major le Mashant. "HOW CHARMING!—A—SO DELIGHTFULLY PLAYED!—A—SUCH A LOVELY COMPOSITION!—A—I ONLY HEARD THE LAST FEW BARS—A—BUT IT WAS QUITE ENOUGH!"



A PHILOLOGICAL POSER.

1873.

A PHILOLOGICAL
POSER.

Herr Professor. "ISS IT NOT A SHDRAINCH TING, LATIES, DAT DE LATIN RACE GANNOT AGUIRE DE ENGLISH BRONOUNCY-ATION? I HAF CHOOST DIS MÔMEND BARDET FROM AN IDALIAN CHENDLEMAN (A CRADE VRENT OF MINE ANT A FERRY GLEFFER MAN) WHO HAS LIFFED IN LONTON ALMÔSTE AS LONG AS I HAF—DVENDY-VIFE EEEERRS—ANT FOOT YOU PELIEF IT? HE SHBEEGS ENGLISH VIT A KVITE SHDRONG VOREIGN INDONATION! HOW TO YOU AGOUND VOR A ZO EGGSHDRA - ORRTINARY ZEERGOOMSHDANZ AS TAT?"



HIGHLY INTERESTING!

1871.

HIGHLY
INTERESTING!

Elderly Belle. "O, THAT'S MRS. WELLESLEY DE CRESPIGNY BROWN, IS IT? ER—WHO WAS SHE?"

Old Beau. "SHE WAS A MISS CHICHESTER DE PUNSONBY JONES."

Elderly Belle. "AH!—ONE OF THE BERKSHIRE WILLOUGHBY DIGBY RIGBY DE PUNSONBY JONESES, I SUPPOSE?"

Old Beau. "NO!—NO!—MY DEAR LADY! ONE OF THE CHOLMONDELEY CHORLEY HAWLEY CRAWLEY DE PUNSONBY JONESES, YOU KNOW."

Elderly Belle. "YOU DON'T SAY SO, MAJOR!"



MUSIC AT HOME.

1871.

The Hostess. "DEAR MISS LINNET! WOULD YOU—WOULD YOU SING ONE OF THOSE CHARMING BALLADS, WHILE I GO AND SEE IF SUPPER'S READY?"

The Companion. "O, DON'T ASK ME—I FEEL NERVOUS. THERE ARE SO MANY PEOPLE——"

The Hostess. "O, THEY WON'T LISTEN, BLESS YOU! NOT ONE OF THEM! NOW DO!!!"



A POSER.

1871.

Enthusiastic Young Lady. "O, MR. ROBINSON, DOES NOT IT EVER STRIKE YOU, IN LISTENING TO SWEET MUSIC, THAT THE RUDIMENT OF POTENTIAL INFINITE PAIN IS SUTLY WOVEN INTO THE TISSUE OF OUR KEENEST JOY?"



"LA POLITESSE DU CŒUR."

1886.

Mamma (after dinner). "ALICE DEAR, LET US HEAR YOUR NEW SONG." Alice. "I'M AFRAID OF DISTURBING DR. SCHMIDT, MAMMA." Herr Schmidt (waking up). "ACH! DO NOT MIND ME. I WILL TAKE MYSELF AWAY FROM ZE ROOM!"



INTELLECTUAL
CULTURE v.
ARISTOCRATIC
BARBARISM.

(Mrs. de Montmorency Jones calls upon Lady Clara Robinson (née Vere de Vere) about the character of a Nursery Governess.)

Mrs. de M. J. "AND MAY I INQUIRE IF YOU CONSIDER MISS WILKINSON THOROUGHLY COMPETENT TO IMPART EFFICIENT INSTRUCTION TO THE YOUNGER FEMALE MEMBERS OF MY FAMILY, AGED RESPECTIVELY FIVE AND THREE?"

Lady C. "WHAT, TEACH YOUR TWO LITTLE GIRLS? OH, YES!"



MUSIC AT HOME.

1885.

(A Comic Song, in French, by Monsieur Patatras.)

Mamma (sharply). "VERA, WHY DON'T YOU LAUGH? CAN'T YOU SEE EVERYBODY'S IN FITS?"

Miss Vera. "HE SINGS SO FAST, MAMMA! I DON'T UNDERSTAND A WORD HE SAYS!"

Mamma. "NO MORE DO I—NO MORE DOES ANYBODY. BUT YOU NEEDN'T SHOW IT, YOU SILLY CHILD!!"



TRULY CONSCIENTIOUS.

1883

Host (famous for his Cellar). "GOOD HEAVENS, MAN! DON'T DRINK THAT CHAMPAGNE! THAT'S FOR THE CHILDREN!"



COLONISING IN IOWA, U.S.

1881.

(A Hint to the Younger Sons of our Aristocracy, and eke to the Daughters thereof.)

Lady Maria. "HOW LATE YOU ARE, BOYS! YOUR BATHS ARE READY, AND I'VE MENDED YOUR DRESS TROUSERS, JACK. SO LOOK SHARP AND CLEAN YOURSELVES, AND THEN YOU CAN LAY THE CLOTH, AND KEEP AN EYE ON THE MUTTON WHILE EMILY AND I ARE DRESSING FOR DINNER."

Lord John. "ALL RIGHT. HOW MANY ARE WE TO LAY FOR?"

Lady Emily. "EIGHT. THE TALBOTS ARE COMING, AND MAJOR CECIL IS GOING TO BRING THE DUKE OF STILTON, WHO'S STOPPING WITH HIM."



"NOBLESSE OBLIGE."

1887.

"NOBLESSE OBLIGE."

Old Friend.
"HULLO, DICK! HOW ARE YOU? I WISH YOU'D COME AND DINE WITH ME TO-NIGHT. BUT NOW YOU'RE A LORD, I SUPPOSE I MUSTN'T CALL YOU DICK ANY LONGER, OR EVEN ASK YOU TO DINNER?"

Noble Earl (who has just come into his Title). "LORD BE BLOWED! LEND ME A FIVER, AND YOU MAY CALL ME WHAT YOU LIKE—AND I'LL DINE WITH YOU INTO THE BARGAIN!"



RESPECTFUL.

1883.

Sir Gorgius's Footman. "WHERE HAVE YOU DROPPED YOUR PEOPLE, MR. PLUNKETT?"

The Duke of Stilton's Footman. "OH, I SHOT MR RUBBISH AT PRINCE'S GATE. WHERE HAVE YOU SHOT YOURS?"



A MODEST DISCLAIMER.

1882.

Self-satisfied Amateur (showing his Drawings to Our Artist, R.A.). "AND RECOLLECT I'M NOT IN THE TRADE, MIND YER. I'M A HOSIER, BY PROFESSION!"

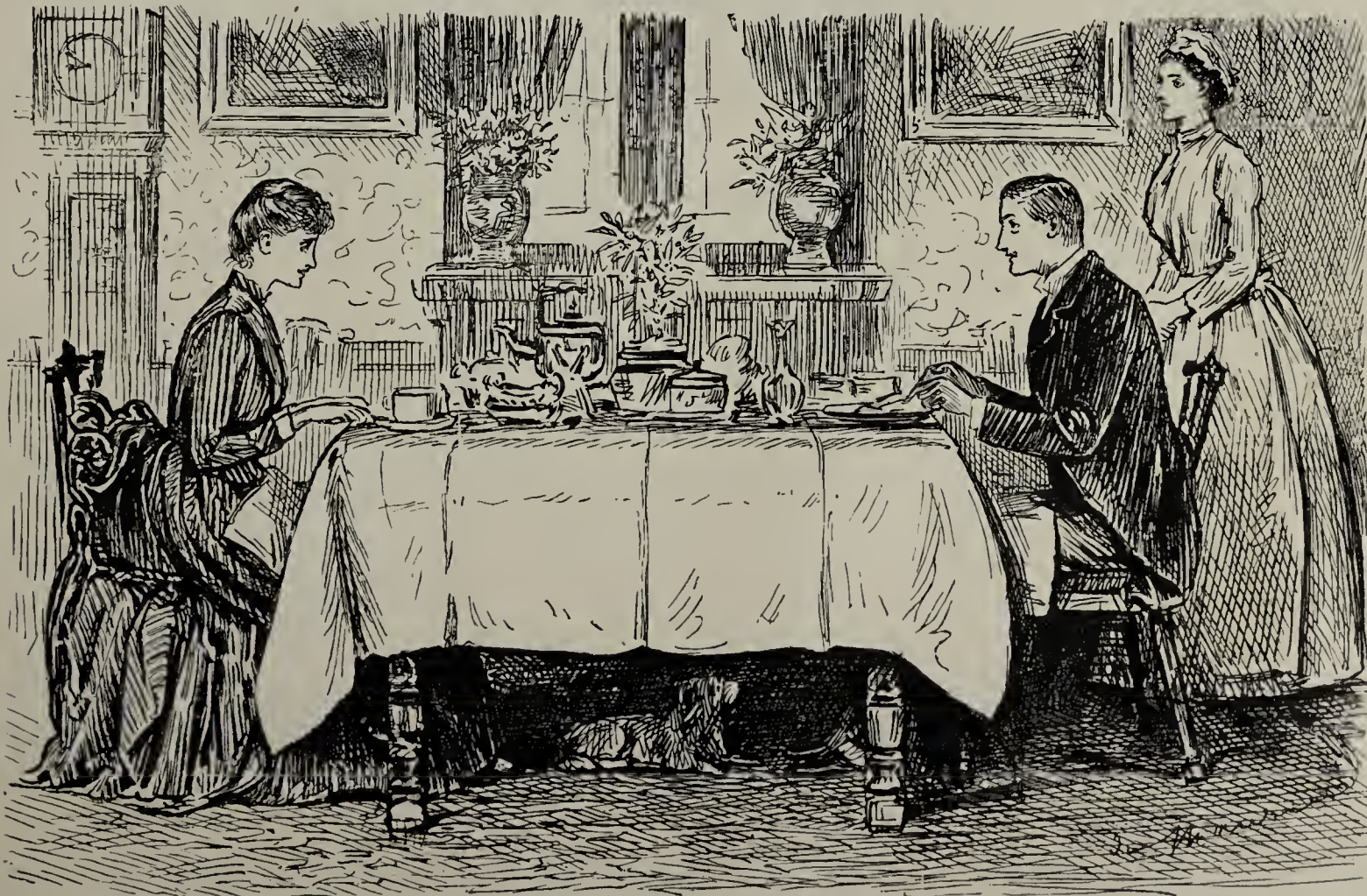


SOME PEOPLE ARE SO LITERAL!

1882.

"OH YES! I WAS AT BROWN'S WEDDING. I WAS BEST MAN. SAW HIM MARRIED TO THE SWEETEST AND LOVELIEST GIRL I KNOW, WITH A COUPLE OF THOUSAND A YEAR OF HER OWN, AND THEN STARTED THEM ON A SIX MONTHS' TOUR THROUGH EUROPE. LUCKY DOG! I COULD HAVE THROTTLED HIM!"

"'THROTTLED' HIM, MR. JONES! AND ALL BECAUSE A GREAT PIECE OF GOOD FORTUNE HAS HAPPENED TO HIM! YOU SURPRISE AND SHOCK ME!"



CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

1886.

Edwin. "I'VE JUST FOUND A SHOT IN MY BIT OF THE PARTRIDGE!"

Angelina. "HOW ODD! SO HAVE I. POOR THING—THEY'VE HAD TO SHOOT IT TWICE!"



1879.

LA CHASSE AUX LIONS.

Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns (bursting into her husband's smoking-room). "PONSONBY! QUICK!! PEN, INK, AND PAPER!!!—AND WRITE IMMEDIATELY!!!!"

Mr. Ponsonby de Tomkyns. "WHAT IS IT NOW, MY LOVE?"

Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns. "WHY, MONSIEUR DE PARIS IS COMING OVER WITH HIS FAMILY TO VISIT ENGLAND. WRITE AND SECURE THEM FOR THURSDAY WEEK. WE SHALL HAVE CROWDS—ALL LONDON!"

Mr. Ponsonby de Tomkyns. "MY LOVE, HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS WILL NEVER COME TO THE LIKES OF US!"

Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns. "YOU GOOSE! IT'S NOT THE COMTE DE PARIS! IT'S MONSIEUR DE PARIS, AS THEY CALL HIM—THE PUBLIC EXECUTIONER, YOU KNOW. DO AS I TELL YOU!"

[Ponsonby did as he was told. All London came to Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns's Thursday Afternoon—but Monsieur de Paris DIDN'T. He took his Wife and Children to Madame Tussaud's instead, to see the Guillotine! Faithless Monsieur de Paris!! Poor Mrs. P. T.!!!]



1879.

DISASTROUS RESULT OF BEAUTYMANIA.

THE LAST NEW BEAUTY, HAVING AN INNOCENT CAST OF COUNTENANCE, HAS BEEN PAINTED, SCULPTURED, AND PHOTOGRAPHED WITH HER HEAD ON ONE SIDE, SECKING
HER THUMB. (N.B.—THE GENTLEMEN ARE JOINING THE LADIES AFTER DINNER.)



1874.

A DISCREET HINT.

Matilda (star-gazing). "How I wish I could Catch a Falling Star!"

Young Dobbs (whose Picture has been so successful at the Academy this Year). "THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE, MISS MATILDA. BUT—A—MIGHT I SUGGEST THAT YOU NEEDN'T GO FAR FOR A RISING ONE?"



LE MONDE OÙ L'ON S'INSTRUIT.

(Mrs. Professor Borax at Home. Conversazione.)

1889.

Young Masham (to Hostess), "A—A—HOW D'YE DO?—A"—(glances round the room)—"A—M—A—GOOD-BYE." [Exit.

A WOMAN'S
REASON.

"MAN MORE CONSISTENT THAN WOMAN! OH NO, SIR PETER. LOOK AT MY HUSBAND! IN ALL THINGS HE PUTS HIS SISTER BEFORE HIS WIFE. LOOK AT MY BROTHER! IN ALL THINGS HE PUTS HIS WIFE BEFORE HIS SISTER! WHEN IN BOTH CASES IT OUGHT TO BE EXACTLY THE REVERSE! NOW DID YOU EVER HEAR ANYTHING SO ABSURDLY CONTRADICTORY IN ALL YOUR LIFE?!"

[Sir Peter wisely gives in.

A WOMAN'S REASON.

1884.



FEMININE PERVERSITY.

1888.

Aunt Betsy. "I WONDER, JAMES, AT YOUR ENCOURAGING YOUNG CADBY TO BE SO MUCH WITH MADELINE! HE'S A BAD MATCH, AND NOT A GOOD FELLOW, I FEAR!"

Papa. "CONFOUND HIM, NO! I'VE GIVEN HIM CARTE-BLANCHE TO COME WHEN HE LIKES, AND SHE'S GETTING RATHER TIRED OF HIM AT LAST, FOR I'M ALWAYS CRACKING HIM UP!"

Aunt Betsy. "AND THAT NICE FELLOW, GOODENOUGH? HE'S NEVER HERE NOW?"

Papa. "NO; I'VE FORBIDDEN HIM THE HOUSE, AND WON'T EVEN ALLOW HIS NAME TO BE MENTIONED. SHE'S ALWAYS THINKING OF HIM IN CONSEQUENCE. I'M IN HOPES SHE'LL MARRY HIM SOME DAY!"



A MATTER OF QUALIFICATION.

1886.

The Squire. "HAVE YOU ENGAGED YOUR NEW CURATE YET, MRS. WHIPPYNGHAM?"

The Rectoress. "NO; IT'S RATHER DIFFICULT. YOU SEE, MAUD AND ETHEL INSIST ON HIS BEING A REALLY GOOD LAWN-TENNIS-PLAYER, AND THEY WON'T STAND WHAT THEY CALL A 'DUFFER'!"



SOCIAL INSINCERITIES.

1889.

His Lordship (vociferously with the rest). "BRAVA! ENCORE! BEAUTIFUL! GO ON! I COULD LISTEN ALL NIGHT!"

(Aside to Footman.) "JUST SEE IF MY CARRIAGE IS COME. LOOK SHARP!"



COMPENSATION.

1887.

Effie. "BUT, DEAR MAMMA, HOW CAN WE HELP BEING SELFISH, MAUD AND I? YOU AND PAPA HAVE ALWAYS GIVEN WAY TO US IN EVERYTHING! UNSELFISH PARENTS ALWAYS MAKE SELFISH CHILDREN, YOU KNOW,—AND VICE VERSA!"

Maud. "YES; AND, ACCORDING TO THAT, MUMMY DARLING, JUST THINK WHAT NICE UNSELFISH GRANDCHILDREN YOU'LL HAVE, IF WE EVER MARRY!"



LITERAL.

1878.

Soft-hearted Grandpapa (to Tommy, who has just been castigated by his Mamma). "AND YOU KNOW TOMMY, IT REALLY PAINS MAMMA MORE THAN IT DOES YOU!"

Tommy. "OH YES, I KNOW IT DOES! SHE SAYS SO! IT HURTS HER HANDS!"



AN EYE TO THE MAIN CHANCE.

1877.

The Major. "YOU'RE A VERY NICE FELLOW, TOMMY! DON'T MOST PEOPLE TELL YOU SO?"

Tommy. "YES, THEY DOES. AND THEY OFTEN GIVES ME SOMETHING!"



NORTH AND SOUTH.

1889.

NORTH AND SOUTH.

(Differences of Dialect.)

The "Macwhuskey."
 "WEEL, MY BRAW WEE ENGLISH LADDIE! HERE HAVE I COME A' THE WAY TO LONDON TO VEESEE Y'R GUID FEY-THER AND MITHER, THAT BROUGHT YE WITH 'EM TO SEE ME IN THRUNITROCHIT LAST YEAR—WHERE YE RODE A COCKHORSE ON MY KNEE! D'YE MIND ME, THE NOO?"

The Braw Wee English Laddie. "OH NO—I DON'T MIND YOU—NOT A BIT. IT'S PAPA AND MAMMA!"



THE WORST OF "A LONG LANE THAT HAS NO TURNING!"

1889.

Laura. "OH, CHARLOTTE, HOW DREADFUL! THERE COMES YOUNG MR. MARSHALL, WALKING WITH YOUR HUSBAND! I'VE JUST RECEIVED A LETTER FROM HIM, ASKING ME TO BE HIS WIFE—AND I HAVEN'T MADE UP MY MIND WHETHER TO ACCEPT HIM OR NOT!"



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID. 1889.

Miss Bugge. "OH, BUT MINE IS SUCH A HORRID NAME!"

Young Brown. "AH—A—UM—I'M AFRAID IT'S TOO LATE TO ALTER IT NOW!"



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID. 1887.

"BY THE WAY, YOUR FRIEND O'LEARY DINED WITH ME LAST NIGHT. WHAT A DULL DOG HE IS!"

"OH, THAT DEPENDS ON WHAT COMPANY HE'S IN!"



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID. 1884.

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID

Mrs. Mildmay. "ARE YOU LOOKING FOR A SEAT, SIR GUY? COME AND SIT HERE BETWEEN GEORGE AND ME!"

Sir Guy Brummel (with playful humour). "NO; I WILL NOT COME BETWEEN HUSBAND AND WIFE. NOBODY CAN SAY I EVER MADE A MAN JEALOUS."

Mrs. Mildmay (wishing to be pleasant). "NO, INDEED—THAT I'M SURE YOU NEVER DID!"

[MORAL—Beware how you make insincere jokes about yourself.]



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

1886.

He. "EVERYBODY WILL BE LEAVING TOWN NOW THAT PARLIAMENT IS DISSOLVED."

She. "YES. INDEED I THINK ALL THE NICE PEOPLE HAVE LEFT ALREADY!"



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

1886.

She. "AND YOU ARE REALLY BETTER, PROFESSOR, SINCE YOU CAME TO LIVE IN HAMPSTEAD?"

He. "OH, YES, A DIFFERENT MAN ALTOGETHER!"

She. "HOW PLEASED ALL YOUR FRIENDS WILL BE!"



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

1886.

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Tomlinson. "GOOD-BYE, MISS ELEANORA—."

Miss Eleanora. "BUT YOU'VE ALREADY SAID GOOD-BYE TO ME, MR. TOMLINSON?"

Tomlinson (who is always ready with some pretty speech). "HAVE I, REALLY? WELL, ONE CAN'T DO A PLEASANT THING TOO OFTEN, YOU KNOW!"



LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF PORTRAIT PAINTING.—THE FINISHING TOUCH.

1882.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF PORTRAIT PAINTING. THE FINISHING TOUCH.

Fair Sitter's Mamma. "I'M SURE THE NOSE IS NOT AQUILINE ENOUGH, MR. SOPELY!"

The Artist (with one dexterous sweep of his brush). "IS THAT BETTER?"

Fair Sitter's Mamma. "OH, EVER SO MUCH! NOW THE LIKENESS IS SIMPLY PERFECT!"

Fair Sitter's Papa (who is always so contradictory). "HUM! NOW I CONSIDER THAT LAST TOUCH HAS SPOILT THE LIKENESS ALTOGETHER!"

[*Sopely's brush was perfectly dry, and so was his canvas!*]



SOCIAL AGONIES.

1882.

SOCIAL AGONIES.

(SCENE — Mrs. Montgomery Morris's Drawing-room just before Dinner.)

Mrs. Sidney Mountjoy (to Hostess). "OH YES, BIARRITZ WAS ALL VERY WELL, BUT WE GOT INTO A QUARREL WITH SOME PEOPLE THERE — A DREADFUL COUPLE, WHO BEHAVED MOST SHAMEFULLY! I'M TOLD THE HUSBAND, A CERTAIN MR. HAMILTON ALLSOP, MEANS TO PULL SIDNEY'S NOSE WHENEVER AND WHEREVER HE MEETS HIM, AND HIS HORRID WIFE ACTUALLY DECLARES SHE'LL —"

Footman. "MR. AND MRS. HAMILTON HALLSOP!"



1886.

THE NEW VERB.

BANJO, BANJAS, BANJAT—BANJAMUS, BANJATIS. BANJANT !



1876.

FANCY BALL VANITIES.

MR. AND MRS. BROWN ARE ASKED TO THE FANCY BALL AT THE MANSION HOUSE, AND ARE KIND ENOUGH TO INVITE THEIR LESS-FAVOURLED FRIENDS TO A PRIVATE VIEW OF THEMSELVES BEFORE DEPARTING FOR THAT GORGEOUS ENTERTAINMENT. IF ANYBODY HAD SUGGESTED TO MR. BROWN, BEFORE THIS, THAT HIS BRONZED AND MANLY CHEEK MIGHT BE IMPROVED BY THE "LEAST LITTLE 'soupon' OF ROUGE," HE WOULD HAVE FLOUTED THE IDEA WITH SCORN. YET HERE HE IS, NOT ONLY SUBMITTING TO THIS DESECRATION (FROM THE LILY-WHITE FINGERS OF A FAIR NEIGHBOUR), BUT ACTUALLY ENJOYING THE PROCESS!



DIFFERENT EFFECTS OF SHYNESS.

1884.

(It makes Danvers assent to opposite propositions, and thereby pass for a person of undecided views.)

Miss Oriana. "DON'T YOU HATE THE SEA-SIDE, MR. DANVERS, WITH ITS GLARE AND NOISE, AND NIGGERS, AND GENERAL VULGARITY?"
Danvers (fervently). "OH, D-D-D-DON'T I, THAT'S ALL!"

Miss Lillian. "WHAT, HATE THE SEA-SIDE, MR. DANVERS!—WITH THE FRESH AIR AND BLUE WAVES, AND THE DELIGHTFUL LOUNGE AFTER BATHING, AND THE LAWN-TENNIS AND THE CINDERELLA DANCES! I DOAT ON IT, AND I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT YOU DID TOO!"
Danvers (still more fervently). "OH—I—I—I SHOULD THINK I DID!"



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

1888.

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

(A Winter Health
Resort.)

Enthusiastic Lady
Visitor. "WHAT A DELIGHTFUL PLACE THIS IS, PROFESSOR. AND THE BATHS, HOW PERFECT! I COULD BATHE ALL DAY—COULDN'T YOU?"

The Professor. "WELL, YOU SEE, I'M A RESIDENT, AND THAT MAKES A DIFFERENCE!"

Lady Visitor. "AH! TO BE SURE. I SUPPOSE YOU NEVER EVEN THINK OF TAKING A BATH!"



EFFECT OF EPISCOPAL INFLUENCE.

1881.

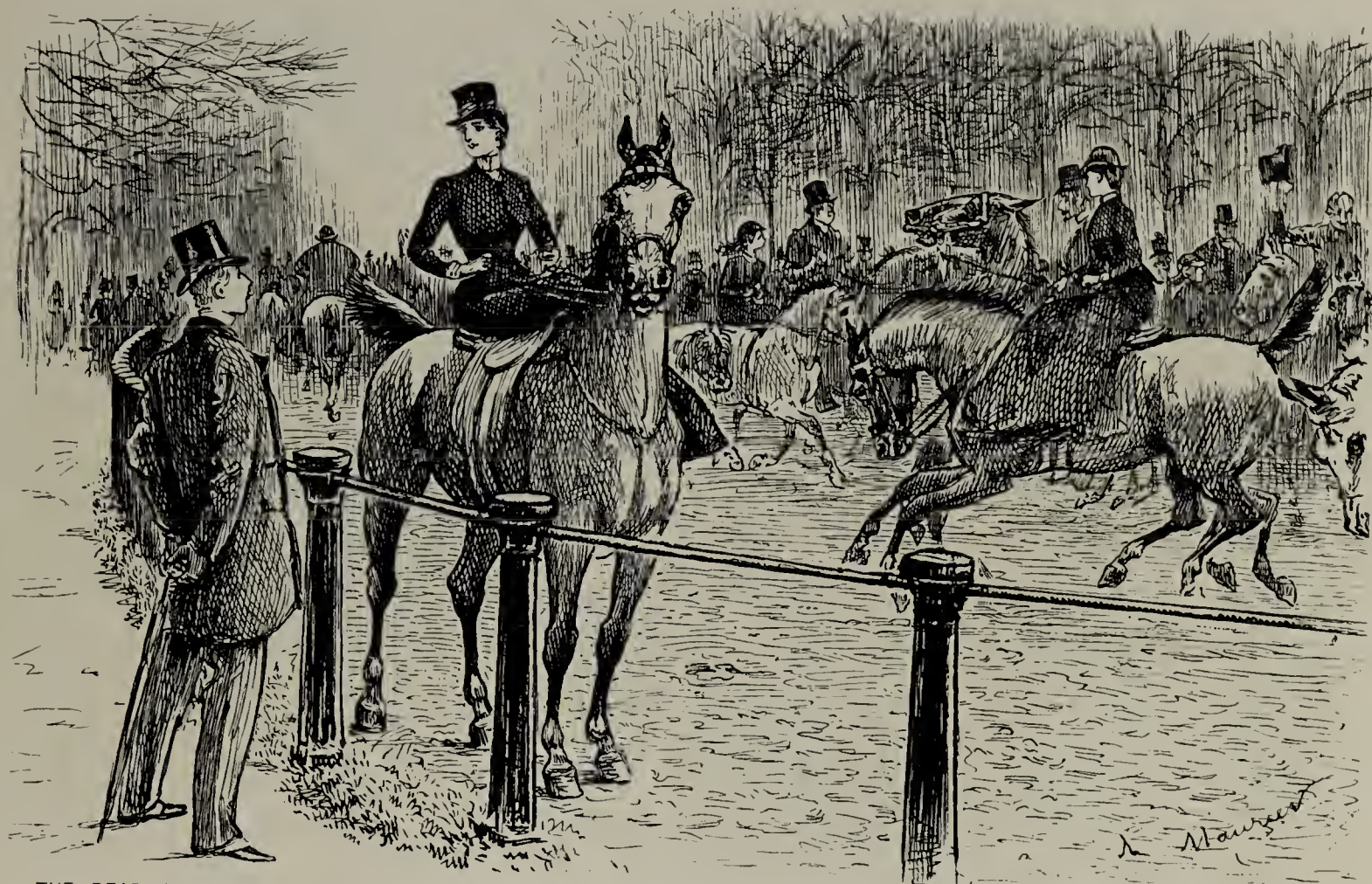
IT'S ALL VERY WELL TO BECOME A RADICAL AND AN ATHEIST, AND ALL THAT; BUT A BISHOP'S A BISHOP! SO AT LEAST POOR TODESON FINDS OUT, WHEN THE BISHOP OF CLAPHAM (WHOM HE ONCE MET AT A GARDEN PARTY, LONG AGO) TAKES HIM FOR SOMEBODY ELSE, AND FAVOURS HIM WITH A GRACIOUS WAVE OF THE HAND—THEREBY RECLAIMING HIM BACK TO THE BOSOM OF THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH.

SUBTLETIES OF
BRITISH
SNOBBISHNESS.

HOW IS IT THAT NEITHER JONES NOR ROBINSON (WHO ARE USUALLY SO POLITE) RUSH TO PICK UP AND RESTORE TO ITS RIGHTFUL OWNER THE POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF WHICH THE LADY IN THE FOREGROUND HAS JUST ACCIDENTALLY DROPPED? SIMPLY BECAUSE THE LADY IN THE FOREGROUND HAPPENS TO BE NO LESS A PERSON THAN THE DUCHESS OF PENTONVILLE—AS BOTH JONES AND ROBINSON ARE AWARE—AND EACH IS AFRAID OF APPEARING, IN THE OTHER'S EYES, A *TOADY OF THE ARISTOCRACY!*

SUBTLETIES OF BRITISH SNOBBISHNESS.

1882.



THE DEAD SEASON.

1887.

(Showing how to be "In it" is to be "Out of it.")

Snobbington. "TOWN SEEMS MORE DESERTED THAN EVER, DON'T IT, MISS MASHAM?"

Miss Masham. "QUITE. I'VE BEEN UP TO THE TOP AND BACK AGAIN FIVE TIMES--THERE'S POSITIVELY NOT A SOUL IN THE ROW!"



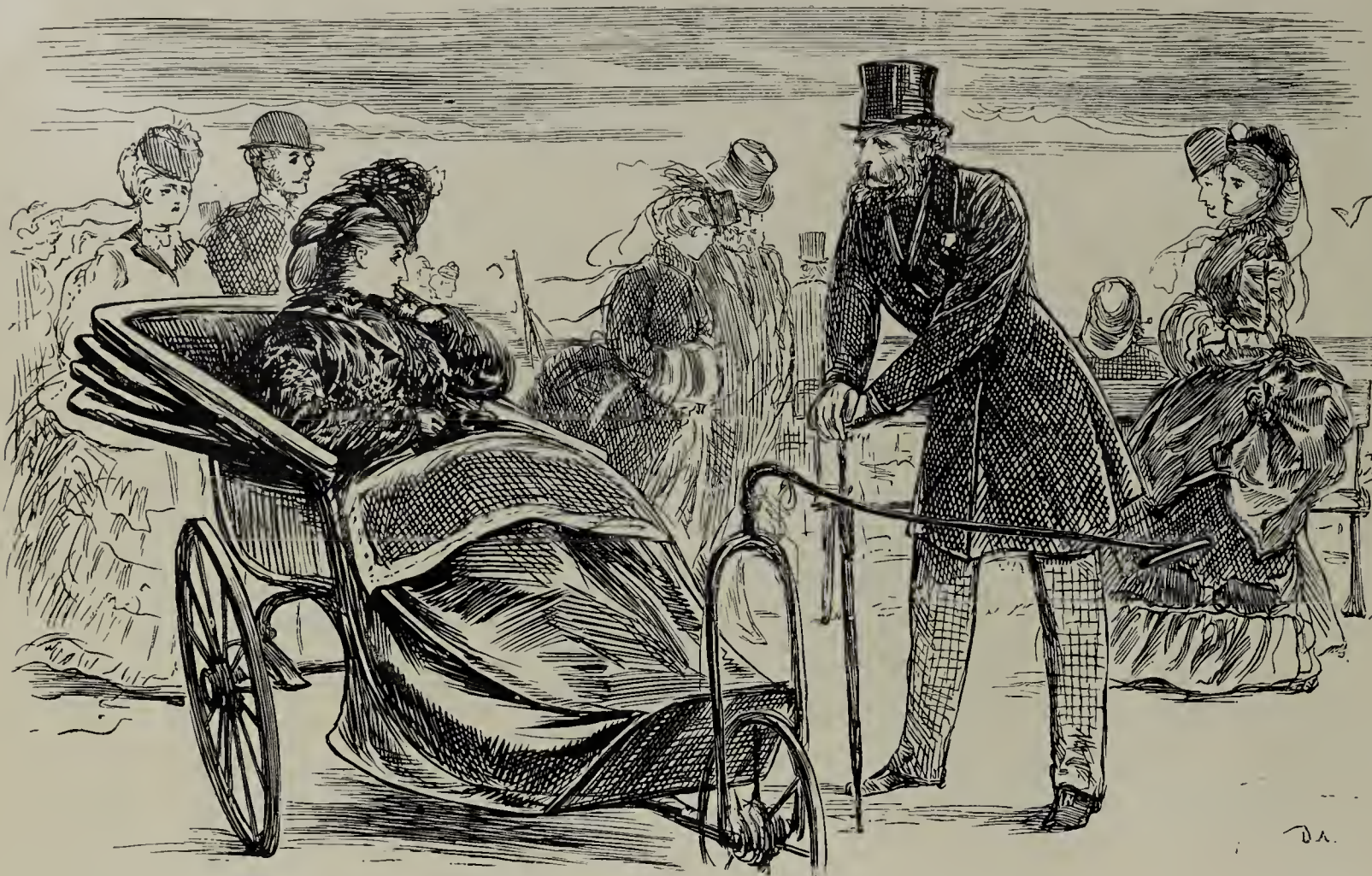
1887.

HAPPY THOUGHT.—A VOCATION I

Eva. "I SUPPOSE THOSE EXTREMELY NICE-LOOKING YOUNG MEN ARE THE STUDENTS, OR HOUSE-SURGEONS, OR SOMETHING?"

Maud. "NO DOUBT. DO YOU KNOW, EVA, I FEEL I SHOULD VERY MUCH LIKE TO BE A HOSPITAL-NURSE!"

Eva. "HOW STRANGE! WHY THE VERY SAME IDEA HAS JUST OCCURRED TO ME!"



THE RULING PASSION.

THE RULING PASSION.

Sir Talbot Howard Vere de Vere. "AH! GOOD MORNING, MRS. JONES! DREADFUL ACCIDENT JUST OCCURRED. POOR YOUNG LADY RIDING ALONG THE KING'S ROAD—HORSE TOOK FRIGHT—REARED, AND FELL BACK UPON HER—DREADFULLY INJURED, I'M SORRY TO SAY!"

Mrs. Woodbee Swellington Jones. "QUITE TOO SHOCKING, DEAR SIR TALBOT! WAS SHE—ER—A PERSON OF POSITION?"

Sir Talbot Howard Vere de Vere. "POSITION, BY GEORGE!! DOOCED UNCOMFORTABLE POSITION, TOO, I SHOULD SAY!"

1872.



THE RULING PASSION.

1872.

Cook (condescendingly). "PLEASE, 'M, IF YOU AIN'T SUITED, I'VE CHANGED MY MIND, AND WOULD RATHER STOP!"

Missus. "O, I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU OBJECTED TO THE NEIGHBOURHOOD, COOK?"

Cook. "YES, 'M, SO I DID; BUT THE MILKMAN, HE TELL ME THIS MORNING AS 'OW ONCE KERRIDGE PEOPLE 'AD USED TO LIVE IN THIS VERY STREET."



1876.

SOCIAL BEINGS.

WEARIED BY LONDON DISSIPATION, THE MARJORIBANKS BROWNS CO, FOR THE SAKE OF PERFECT QUIET, TO THAT PICTURESQUE LITTLE WATERING-PLACE, SHRIMPINGTON-SUPER-MARE, WHERE THEY TRUST THAT THEY WILL NOT MEET A SINGLE SOUL THEY KNOW.

ODDLY ENOUGH, THE CHOLMONDELEY JONESES GO TO THE SAME SPOT WITH THE SAME PURPOSE.

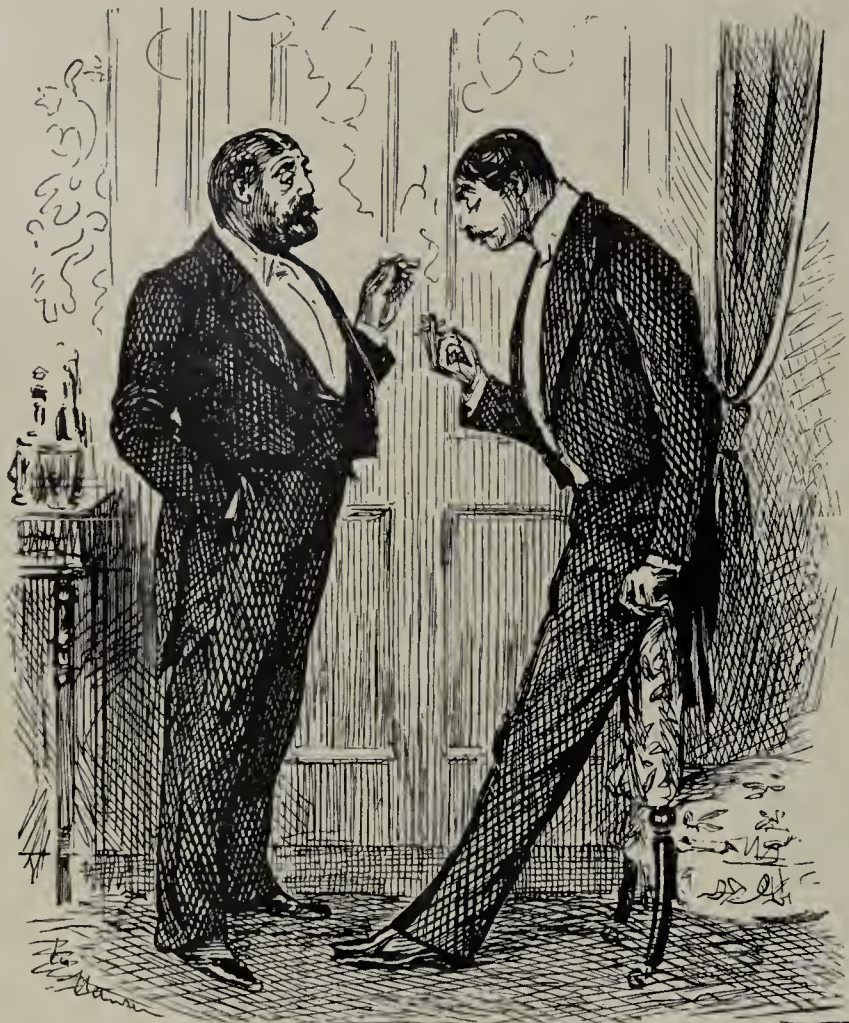
NOW, THESE JONESES AND BROWNS CORDIALLY DETEST EACH OTHER IN LONDON, AND ARE NOT EVEN ON SPEAKING TERMS, YET SUCH IS THE DEPRESSING EFFECT OF "PERFECT QUIET" THAT, AS SOON AS THEY MEET AT SHRIMPINGTON-SUPER-MARE, THEY RUSH INTO EACH OTHER'S ARMS WITH A WILD SENSE OF RELIEF!



1878.

THE IMPORTANCE OF EXTERNALS.

"YES"—(thought Miss Pinkerton, as she gazed at Laura, sketching)—"I DON'T KNOW HOW OR WHY IT SHOULD BE SO, BUT A PINCE-NEZ IS MORE BECOMING THAN SPECTACLES; AND I WILL GET ONE MYSELF."



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

1887.

"WELL, BUT IF YOU CAN'T BEAR HER, WHATEVER MADE YOU PROPOSE?"

"WELL, WE HAD DANCED THREE DANCES, AND I COULDN'T THINK OF ANYTHING ELSE TO SAY!"



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

1886.

She. "WE EXPECTED YOU TO DINNER LAST NIGHT, HERR PROFESSOR. WE WAITED HALF AN HOUR FOR YOU. I HOPE IT WAS NOT *ILLNESS* THAT PREVENTED YOU FROM COMING?"

He. "ACH, NO! I WAS NOT HONGRY!"



TU QUOQUE.

1883.

TU QUOQUE.

Army Candidate.
"AND I ONLY MUFFED ONE THING IN THE GEOGRAPHY PAPER. COULDN'T FOR THE LIFE OF ME THINK WHERE THE STRAITS OF MACAS-SAR WERE!"

Fond Father. "OH, I SAY, YOU OUGHT TO HAVE KNOWN THAT. FANCY—THE STRAITS OF MACAS-SAR!"

Army Candidate.
"WELL, I DIDN'T, ANYHOW. BY THE WAY, WHERE ARE THEY, DAD?"

Fond Father. "OH—WHERE ARE THEY? OH—ER—THEY'RE—WELL, THEY'RE—BUT DON'T YOU THINK WE'D BETTER GO TO LUNCH?"



COMMUTATION.

1885.

The Curate (nervously). "I'M SORRY NOT TO SEE YOU OFTENER AT CHURCH, SIR GORGIUS!"

Sir Gorgius. "OH—AH—YES! MY OLD HENEMY, THE GOUT, YER KNOW. BUT IF THE FUNDS ARE DICKEY, SHALL BE VERY 'APPY TO SEND YOU A CHEQUE!"

The Curate. "OH, THANK YOU, SIR GORGIUS! THAT'LL DO JUST AS WELL!"



Q. E. D.

1885.

Professor McPhairrson. "NO, MRS. BROWN, IT'S NOT THAT WE SCOTCH ARE DULL; BUT YOU ENGLISH SEE A JOKE IN ANYTHING! WHY, THE OTHER DAY I WAS IN A ROOM WITH FOUR ENGLISHMEN, ONE OF WHOM TOLD A STORY, AND, WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT, I WAS THE ONLY MAN THAT DIDN'T LAUGH!"

DISTINGUISHED
PROFESSIONALS.—
THE PHYSICIANS.

The Major (who takes an intelligent interest in Science). "I SOMETIMES FEEL—A—ALMOST HALF INCLINED TO—ER—SUSPECT THAT POSSIBLY—THE DISEASE YOU MENTION MAY—ER—MAY, UNDER CERTAIN CIRCUMSTANCES, NOT BE ABSOLUTELY NON-INFECTIOUS—AT LEAST, I—"

Sir Rupert Pillington (M.D., F.R.S., &c.). "THE SELF-CONFIDENCE OF THESE AMATEURS! EH, SIR MALCOLM? WHY, I'VE GIVEN MY WHOLE LIFE TO THE QUESTION!—AND I PRO- NOUNCE THAT IT IS NOT INFECTIOUS!"

Sir Malcolm M'Cure (ditto, ditto). "WELL! IT'S A MATTER TO WHICH I HAVE DEVOTED MY ENTIRE EXISTENCE—AND I EM- PHATICALLY DECLARE IT IS!"

[The Major gets quite un- settled in his convictions on the subject.]

1884.

DISTINGUISHED PROFESSIONALS.—THE PHYSICIANS.



DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS.—THE MUSICAL DUCHESS.

1881.

DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS.— THE MUSICAL DUCHESS.

BEHOLD HER GRACE REHEARSING FOR AN AFTERNOON CONCERT AT MRS. PONSONBY DE TOMKYN'S, BEFORE AN APPRECIATIVE AUDIENCE, WHICH CONSISTS OF THE HOST AND HOSTESS, AND A FEW PROFESSIONALS WHO HAVE BEEN RETAINED TO PLAY HER GRACE'S OBLIGATO ACCOMPANIMENTS. HER GRACE ALWAYS SINGS HER OWN WORDS, SET TO HER OWN MUSIC. HER COMPOSITIONS ARE ENDLESS; AND WHEN ONCE SHE BEGINS, SHE DOESN'T LIKE TO LEAVE OFF IN A HURRY. THE WORST OF IT IS, HER GRACE'S MUSIC INVARIABLY DRIVES ALL THE OTHER DUCHESSES AWAY—ONLY MRS. P. DE T. IS NOT YET AWARE OF THIS.



HOW TO EFFECT A GOOD RIDDANCE.

1882.

HOW TO EFFECT A GOOD RIDDANCE.

(SCENE—Royal Academy Private View.)

Borcham Jones, Esq., M.P. "AH, HOW D'YE DO, MRS. TOMKYN'S? SO GLAD TO MEET YOU—A—I——"

Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns (who thinks Mr. Borcham Jones all very well, but doesn't want him just as she's talking to the Duke of Wimbledon). "OH, DEAR MR. JONES! HAVE YOU SEEN MR. SOPELY'S PICTURE? IT'S IN ROOM NO. 10. DO LOOK AT IT, AND TELL ME WHAT YOU THINK OF IT!"

[Exit Borcham Jones, much flattered, to perform Mrs. Tomkyns's commission. Exit also Mrs. Tomkyns and his Grace, in the opposite direction.]



1880.

IN POSSESSION.

Lady (who wants to sit down). "WILL YOU SIT IN MY LAP, DARLING?"

Darling. "SANK YOU—I'VE DOT A CHAIR!"



SVIA/48c

1876.

FANCY BALLS AGAIN.

(SCENE AND TIME—An inaccessible North London Suburb, 3:20 A.M.)

Tomkyns (whose destination is Clapham). "ARE YOU QUITE SURE IT'S NOT COME, POLICEMAN? IT WAS TO HAVE BEEN HERE AT HALF-PAST ONE!"

Policeman. "QUITE SURE, SIR! I'VE BEEN DOWN THE RANK FOUR TIMES!"

Tomkyns. "WELL, YOU MUST GET US A CAB!"

Policeman. "CAB, SIR! THERE AIN'T NO CABS HERE!"

[Delight of Tomkyns, his Wife, and his two Friends at the prospect of a long walk through London in their present attire!]



THE WANING OF THE HONEYMOON.

1878.

Angelina (suppressing an inclination to yawn). "HOW NICE IT WOULD BE IF SOME FRIEND WERE TO TURN UP; WOULDN'T IT, EDWIN?"
 Edwin (after yawning elaborately). "YE-E-ES!—OR EVEN SOME ENEMY!"



NEW IDEAS.

1883.

NEW IDEAS.

"THE FACT IS, SIR ROGER, I DON'T APPROVE OF FOXHUNTING; AT LEAST, NOT FOR MEN. I THINK IT AN UN-MANLY KIND OF SPORT!"

"UN-MAN-LY!"

"WELL, YES, YOU KNOW. WOMEN CAN HUNT. I HAVE, LOTS OF TIMES; AND HAVE ALWAYS BEEN IN AT THE DEATH, I'M ASHAMED TO SAY!"

"THEN WHAT ON EARTH DO YOU CONSIDER MANLY?"

"WELL—BICYCLING. WOMEN CAN'T DO THAT, YOU KNOW, NOT EVEN WITH DIVIDED SKIRTS!"



THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

1877.

Jones. "DID YOU SEE THE STAR-SHOWER THE OTHER NIGHT, MISS JESSICA?"

Miss Jessica (with a rapid but comprehensive survey of the Heavens). "NO. BUT IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN MUCH, FOR THERE ARE NO STARS MISSING!"



HASTY GENERALISATION.

1882.

Reginald (to his new friend the Village Blacksmith). "THERE'S AUNT ELLEN, WILLIAMS. LET'S CROSS OVER. SHE'LL KISS US, YOU KNOW. SHE ALWAYS DOES!"



A POSER.

1884.

Molly. "OH, WHAT A DEAR LITTLE BOY!"

Grandpapa. "THAT WAS ME, WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE, MOLLY!"

Molly. "AND WHO IS IT NOW, GRANDPAPA?"



THE PENNY READING.

1887.

Distinguished Amateur Vocalist (both Serious and Comic). "I CAN'T SAY YOU HAVE A VERY APPRECIATIVE PUBLIC UP HERE! I NEVER SANG 'VILIKINS AND HIS DINAH' BETTER—BUT NOBODY LAUGHED A BIT!"

Horrid Boy. "OH, BUT THEY DID WHEN YOU SANG 'THE DEATH OF NELSON.' I SAW THEM!"



FEMALE CLUBS v. MATRIMONY.

1878.

Miss Firebrace. "SEND YOUR HORSE HOME, AND STOP AND DINE HERE WITH ME, JULIA! I'VE ASKED TRIXY RATTLECASH AND EMILY SHEPPARD."

Mrs. Bolingbroke Tompkins, née Julia Wildrake (with a sigh of regret for the freedom of Spinsterhood and the charms of Club life). "CAN'T. MY DEAR GIRL! MY SAINTED OLD FATHER-IN-LAW'S JUST GONE BACK TO YORKSHIRE, AND POOR BOLLY'S ALL ALONE!"



FLOWERS OF FASHION.

1872.

FLOWERS
OF FASHION.

Lady. "AND WHY DID YOU LEAVE YOUR LAST SITUATION?"

Coachman. "WELL, MA'AM, ME AND HER LADYSHIP 'AD A DIFFERENCE ABOUT A BOKAY. WE WAS GOING TO A DRAWING-ROOM, AND HER LADYSHIP WANTED TO PUT ME OFF WITH A BOKAY MADE UP IN THE 'OUSE-KEEPER'S ROOM! WELL, I COULDN'T STAND THAT, SO I WENT AND ORDERED A BOKAY AT COVENT GARDEN; AND, WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT, MA'AM, ME AND HER LADYSHIP 'AD A DIFFERENCE ABOUT THE PAYMENT? SO I GIVE WARNING!"



CHIVALRY IN THE PANTRY—(A FACT).

1871.

"PLEASE, MA'AM, ME AN' COACHMAN'S REGULAR WORE OUT WITH THEM COALS. CARRYIN' OF 'EM UP BETWEEN US IN THAT BASKET MAKES OUR BACKS AND CHESTS HAKE DREADFUL!"

"WELL, BUGGINS, WHAT DO THEY DO IN OTHER FAMILIES? I SUPPOSE THEY HAVE FIRES IN THIS WEATHER?"

"O YES, MA'AM! BUT THEN THE MAIDS MOSTLY CARRIES UP THEIR COALS THEIRSELVES!"



A YOUNG TURK.

1880.

Governess. "How DARE you, TOMMY? I SHALL TELL YOUR MAMMA!"
Tommy. "OH, I DON'T CARE WHAT MAMMA SAYS! SHE'S TOO YOUNG!"



NEVER SAY DIE!

1885.

Ethel. "DOESN'T IT MAKE YOU FEEL RATHER SICK?"
Tommy. "YES—B-BUT I LIKE THE FEELING!"



THE POWER OF IMAGINATION.

1886.

Street Arab (to Doctor, who has just been taking his temperature). "AH, SIR! THAT DONE ME A LOT O' GOOD, SIR!"



"CHIC."

1880.

Mrs. Robinson. "How 'chic' she is, GEORGE!"

Mr. Robinson. "If it comes to THAT, so's HE!"

Mrs. Robinson. "I REALLY MUST GET MYSELF UP TO LOOK LIKE HER!"

Mr. Robinson. "If you do, I'LL RIG MYSELF OUT LIKE HIM, AND THERE'LL BE A PAIR OF US!"



A MISNOMER, SURELY!

1880.

Tourist. "YOU HAVE RATHER A LARGE PARTY THIS AFTERNOON, SANDRO!"

Waiter. "YES, SARE! IT IS VUN OF MISTARE COOK'S PARTIES. DERE ARE TWENTY-THREE PATIENTS IN ALL!"



ENGLISH AS SHE IS SOMETIMES SPOKE.

1889.

Hostess. "YOU'ARE LATE THIS MORNING, MONSIEUR ALPHONSE!"

M. Alphonse (who is fond of English Idioms). "YES, MADAM, I 'AD ZE MISFORTUNE TO SLEEP OVER MYSELF ZIS MORNING, AND I COULD NOT DESCEND IN TIME!"



AT BULLONG.

1880.

Mr. Belleville (who likes to air his French before his friends). "AVVYVOO LA PARFUME DU—ER—DU JOCKEY-CLUB?"

Fair Perfumer. "O YES, SARE! VE HAVE ALL ZE ENGLISH SMELLS!"



"A SOUSED CHILD
DREADS WATER."

"Now, Missy, you've seen me shave, so you must just ske-daddle, please, as I'm going to take my bath."

"I won't tell if you don't take it, Uncle Rowland. Let me stay, please."

"Won't tell? What do you mean, Missy?"

"Why, nobody wouldn't go into cold water, Uncle, if they wasn't made to, I suppose. Nobody don't make you, do they?"

"A SOUSED CHILD DREADS WATER."

1873.



DELICATE CONSIDERATION.

1873.

Mamma. "What a din you're making, chicks! What are you playing at?"

Trixy. "O, Mamma, we're playing at railway trains. I'm the engine, and Guy's a first-class carriage, and Sylvia's a second-class carriage, and May's a third-class carriage, and Gerald, he's a third-class carriage, too—that is, he's really only a truck, you know, only you mustn't tell him so, as it would offend him!"



CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES

1882.

"WHAT! ALL THAT FOR GRANDPA?"

"No, DARLING. IT'S FOR YOU."

OH! WHAT A LITTLE BIT!"



YOUNG HOPEFUL.

1881.

YOUNG HOPEFUL.

Mamma. "YOU'LL BE SORRY WHEN UNCLE DICK LEAVES US TOMORROW, WON'T YOU, TOMMY?"

Tommy. "OH NO, I SHAN'T!"

Mamma. "WHY NOT?"

Tommy. "'Cos UNCLE DICK ALWAYS GIVES ME A SHILLING WHEN HE GOES AWAY!"



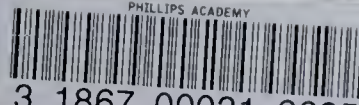
1882.

TANTALISING-VERY!

DATE DUE

Sep 3 '57

PHILLIPS ACADEMY



3 1867 00031 6625

82592

741.5
D892s
v.2

